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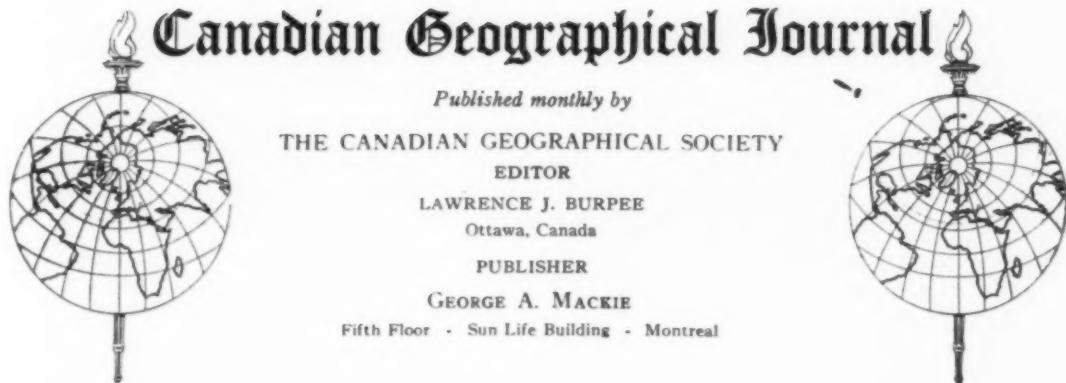
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An outstanding feature of the Lake Harbour region — a beautiful multiple cataract, about 250 feet high, in Philpot Bay.



Mount Joy — the mountain with a face — a noted landmark of the Lake Harbour Eskimos situated at the junction of the Soper and Joy rivers. In former times the Eskimos tramped up this valley every summer from the sea coast on their long treks into the interior.

Solitudes of the Arctic

By J. DEWEY SOPER

RISING boldly from the frigid, ice-infested seas of the eastern Canadian Arctic is an immense island which Frobisher discovered in the year 1576. A thousand miles long by three to four hundred miles wide it possesses an area more than one-and-a-half times that of the British isles. During the days of the early explorers this land, known today as Baffin Island, was thought to consist of several large, interlocking islands which were given the names Baffin Land, Cockburn Land, Foxe Land, etc. We now know that it is one continuous land mass extending from Hudson strait to Lancaster sound. Most of the area is excessively rugged and picturesque, and very large areas still offer opportunities for original exploration on a comparatively large scale. It is the writer's impression after several years of extensive travel in this territory that even the Eskimos have not penetrated large mountainous tracts

in the interior of the island. It would appear especially formed by nature to test the pluck and stamina of travellers with appetites for places remote, unknown, and difficult of access.

From the deck of a ship, the shores of Baffin Island present a singularly desolate appearance. Everywhere the rocky hills and valleys appear dark and forbidding and as uncompromising and lifeless as a desert. The entire lack of trees gives it a rather sinister aspect. But on nearer approach more enticing vistas continually open up. Sparkling brooks are seen cascading to the sea down rocky valleys decked out in emerald green. On walking inland, away from the depressing effect of the cold coastal waters, the landscape gradually yields to a surprising transformation, for the secluded valley floors are seen to be carpeted with lush grasses, myriads of brightly-coloured flowers, and little willows one or two feet high.



"Oakketu", one of the writer's Eskimo dog drivers.



A stand of Arctic cotton grass in full bloom in early August. The Eskimos use the silken heads of this plant as wick material for their seal-oil lamps.

Flowers anywhere have a perennial attraction. In the Arctic this appeal is heightened by the strange quality of the environment. Part of the surprise and charm is derived from the mental attitude which expects little or nothing of the Arctic in this respect, scarcely more than the delusion we hold of absolute desolation and far-flung fields of perpetual ice and snow.

In Baffin island there are at least a hundred species of vascular plants, the majority of which have bloom of some description. Many, such as Lapland rosebay, fire flower, Arctic poppy, mountain avens, white heather and numerous varieties of saxifrage, have an arresting beauty in that charming mosaic peculiar to the summer lowlands of the far north. The queen of them all is the Lapland rosebay, possessing that rarity in Arctic flowers — an exquisite perfume. The larger number of these plants are diminutive, yet they seem to stand forth in these surroundings with conspicuousness and the



A branch of crowberry laden with delicious ripe fruit in early September. In suitable places and favourable years these berries mature in prolific abundance. The Eskimos eat them raw in large quantities.



"Kemmaloo", an old Eskimo woman of Southern Baffin Island, dressed in winter garb of caribou skins.



A strange flower is the lousewort, characteristic of the early Arctic summer. It comes rapidly to maturity on sandy ground and ridges of the semi-barren lands of southern Baffin Island.

singular allurement of Japanese gardens. And it is such things as these which go to make up what is frequently referred to as the "barren grounds"; a most unfortunate misnomer. There are thousands of sequestered spots of peculiarly unrivalled loveliness, with plants that blossom forth and fade away in the briefest, though the fairest summer season in the world.

While the Arctic summer is short it presents in rapid succession a great many interesting natural phenomena. General climate and length of this season differ quite appreciably from place to place even in the polar regions. Yet a real summer season exists as far north as land extends toward the pole. Flowering plants and breeding birds have learned how to crowd their reproductive affairs there into the briefest of seasons. In the month of August the writer has seen patches of grass knee-high in Ellesmere Island and northern Greenland with scores of Arctic poppies nearly a foot high nodding



A little Eskimo boy, "Otokke", son of "Oakketu"

vividly under the golden rays of the midnight sun. Not far off, highlands were covered with enormous glacial mantles of ice and snow. It smacks of the miraculous and it is scarcely less. In the southern portions of the Arctic regions, where the land is practically all free of snow for several months, such marked contrasts are seldom observed.

In the southern part of Baffin Island, spring approaches in mid-May. Its advance is retarded, as usual, by recurrent periods of gales, snow-storms and cold; then it steals softly upon the land with the magical rapidity of the high latitudes. The last belated snow-squalls are over by early June. Already, possibly as much as a fortnight earlier, large numbers of mauve, white, and yellow flowers have burst forth from the cold soil of bare patches of ground on hill slopes of southern exposure. Soon real spring has arrived. The birds troop north in countless numbers; the snow vanishes and millions of additional plants burst eagerly into bloom. No time is to be wasted. Brawling brooks suddenly come to life, the hollow boom of disintegrating ice, and the rollicking songs of snow buntings, and Lapland longspurs pronounce King Winter as dead as the dodo for at least a few weeks.

The Arctic summer possesses an inexpressible sweetness. But in less than two months it is gone. The late August hillsides are already tinted with the gold-and-scarlet of autumn in the diminutive leaves of dwarf willows and birch, bearberry, vaccinium and saxifrage. Snow flies again in September. Early October witnesses the sealing of the small lakes, while slob and pan-ice are carried hither and thither by the tides of the sea. Often at this time the land is already deeply mantled in snow and the Eskimos retired to semi-winter

quarters. Baffin Island's winter may be said to last for about eight months.

In the eastern portion of this great island of some 200,000 square miles, are three principal mountain ranges with elevations of from 1,500 to about 8,000 feet. The highest parts are imperfectly known for the sufficient reason that no white man, as yet, has ever reached them. But portions of these highlands fronting on the eastern seaboard are easily visible from the deck of a ship passing down Baffin Bay and

Davis Strait. What the spellbound voyageur observes are lofty peaks and spires, glacier-covered tablelands and sawtooth ranges rising ice-and-snow-blanketed to the clouds. The spectacular grandeur of these polar mountains is most impressive; their counterpart is not likely to be seen elsewhere in the whole, vast sweep of the Canadian Arctic islands; nor are they likely to be forgotten.

In striking contrast to this magnificent sight is the lowland region on the west side of the island. It has an area of about 800 square miles, everywhere practically as flat and featureless as a ball-ground. To the traveller entering upon it, it appears as a lonely,

limitless plain stretching off without interruption to the distant horizon. Here and there are sluggish creeks; everywhere are shallow pools and lakes—and unpeopled silence. Intersecting this tundra is Baffin Island's largest known river, the noble Koukdjuak, with its placid two-mile-wide flood draining the great lakes of Nettilling and Amadjuak, to discharge finally into the wide expanse of Foxe basin glutted with paleoecristic ice.

Here there are no scenic attractions; nothing in a geographic sense to engage or inspire unless it be the satisfaction of track-surveying with one's humble



J. Dewey Soper combines a little hunting for the pot with searching for zoological discoveries.



Upper left: King eider duck brooding on her nest. In some parts of the Arctic these birds occur in astonishing numbers.

Upper right: An Arctic fox in its white winter pelage; some years this animal is very abundant in southern Baffin Island.

Lower left: Portrait of a young Arctic hare in summer pelage.

Lower right: Rock ptarmigan sitting on her nest containing fourteen eggs; writer's hand on the left. These birds are practically fearless while brooding.



An Eskimo woman in winter "kuletuk", showing the character of the back with the long tail and embellishments.

Eskimo companions across great stretches of the unknown.

But this is not the only reward. Who does not delight in clean, unspoiled expanses of country alive and vibrant with wild creatures? And best of all, for some of us, in a glamorous wilderness setting, far removed from the customary haunts of man. The raw, wholesome tang of the out-and-out primeval has a salutary fillip. Here, indeed it is to be found. During the brief Arctic summer the grass tundra swarms with tens of thousands, possibly millions, of breeding birds. Most of the species are intensely intriguing, with an almost exotic atmosphere, because so little is known about them in their

northern haunts. Many a naturalist would consider it no rash bargain to pawn a year of his life for a summer among them on the polar tundra. Among these captivating creatures are such species as various Arctic sandpipers, phalaropes, plovers, Lapland longspurs, King eiders, jaegers, brant, Hutchins's and snow geese, and last, but not least, the now popular blue goose which nests in untold numbers over the forlorn, fog-riden, wind-and-storm-swept lowlands of the Foxe basin coast. It is about the last place one would expect such prolific abundance.

The whole region is virtually a swamp in summer, closely underlain by a deep stratum of earthy matter which is perpetually frozen. There are endless pools, mud, rough grass-grown tussocks, or "nigger-heads", and water-saturated moss where extensive walking breeds unpleasant reflections, soon to be forgotten. But to a naturalist lucky enough to reach it in the months of June and July, and sufficiently disciplined to ignore his discomforts, it is a treasure



"Enunuk"—a typical middle-aged Eskimo woman, in winter clothing made from the skins of the caribou. The hood is made large so as to accommodate a child which is carried on the back.

SOLITUDES OF T

land of extraordinary experiences and ineffaceable memories. It is doubtful if another area of such ornithological fertility exists within the limits of Canada's Arctic islands. It is at least to be reported.

To those eager to be off, it must be said in fairness that to reach this naturalist's Eldorado some experience is rightly required, weeks and months of careful preparation and travel, and at least an unbroken year in the Arctic regions. For the birds how much simpler! But after all, it is probably well worth it, for the home life of these northern birds admittedly holds a most singular attraction. The Blue Goose plain is an antidote for all those wistful, passionate longings of the avifaunist whose spirit each spring follows close upon the northward flight of Arctic birds, as he vainly strives to visualize those far-off mysterious breeding grounds to which the winged legions are so boldly cleaving their way.

The open tundra, however, has no monopoly of Baffin Island attractions. Its wild inhabitants constitute practically its only tangible allurement. One would not readily squander a portion of



An Eskimo girl, "Atutu", about eight years of age.



The result of an afternoon's hunt for Arctic hares in southern Baffin Island, to swell the author's collection of zoological treasures from a little-known region. This animal turns brown in summer, but is snow-white for about nine months of the year; adult specimens attain 7 or 8 pounds in weight. Incidentally, the Arctic hare provides one of the most savoury dishes of the country.

his life there unless impelled by interests in geography or natural history. The east side of the island is entirely different; it has greater sustained interest for the average person over comparatively long intervals of time. There is a perennial charm in the rugged hills and deep, secluded valleys, the mighty fiords and soaring, snow-clad mountains. What the region lacks conspicuously in some phases of wild life it gains to a considerable degree in others, for in some respects the fauna is quite distinct.



When the river showed its teeth. Camp on the Soper River, south of the junction of the Livingstone River, where the party was partially swamped in the rapids and was forced ashore to dry scientific and camp equipment.

One of its pre-eminent allurements is scenery.

Here the greater part of the native population is distributed. In Baffin Island the Eskimos are almost strictly a maritime people, where they closely adhere to the rocky seaboard with its sheltered coastal valleys. Except on their nomadic wanderings afoot during the summer hunt they shun the swampy tundra regions. In fact, on the flat west coast of the island, a stretch of over four hundred miles exists untenanted by a single native. The Eskimo prefers to pitch his camp within sound of the surf with the rugged mountain country at his door. Here he spends his days hunting by both land and sea. The bulk of his diet consists of various species of hair seals, walrus, white whale and polar bear. This is supplemented, as opportunity presents, by the flesh of caribou, Arctic hares, ptarmigan and ducks. The Eskimo revels in the glorious days of summer with its wealth of wild life, sunshine and plenty. The period is one long, happy holiday. Want is

far removed, as is the winter-long struggle of hunting for meat at low temperatures at tide-rip and floe-edge and over the frozen countryside. During June, July, and August sea-fowl are present in unbelievable abundance. At certain island resorts the hunters may gather great quantities of eggs of the eider duck. Variety of foods at this time is a pleasant relief from the steady winter diet of marine mammals, which, even to an Eskimo, must grow monotonous.

The trek into the far interior of the island in search of the caribou is one of the most interesting episodes in the life of the Eskimos. Such journeys are taken afoot and frequently require many weeks of time. Each individual carries a small pack of bare essentials and occasionally sledge dogs are used as beasts of burden. All move slowly forward far inland depending upon the results of the chase for sustenance. When the caribou are found, man and dog are surrounded with an abundance of food. The acquisition of skins of



Upper left: The mountain avens is one of the showiest of Arctic flowers and in places blooms in great abundance.
Upper right: Heather bells; the beautiful wax-like blossoms of the white heather. Grows abundantly in southern Baffin Island and is used by the Eskimos as summer fuel on their long treks into the interior.
Lower right: In many localities along the rocky coasts of Baffin Island, the conspicuous Arctic daisy flourishes in extensive beds in the scanty soil. In some instances, for these higher latitudes, they reach an astonishing development.
Lower left: This little star-flower is one of the most diminutive blooms in the lands born; in some sheltered situations it blossoms forth during early August in amazing abundance.



Looking eastward across the great valley of the Soper River in latitude 63° 10' N., from the top of the range at an elevation of 1,500 feet. Camp is to be seen in the middle foreground near the bank of the river.

the caribou is the principal object of the hunt. From these skins, for which there is no practical substitute, the Eskimos make their ground robes, bedding, and winter clothes. All wise explorers adopt the Eskimo's method of clothing himself for the long, cold winter.

From the southeastern coast of Baffin Island, where the writer conducted investigations on his last expedition, the chief avenue of approach to the caribou grounds of the interior lies up the valley of the Soper River. This is a magnificent rift in the mountain plateau which here rises from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the river. With two Eskimo companions this impetuous river was surveyed as far as Mount Joy, a noted landmark about 2,000 feet high, remarkable for the natural portrayal of a human face on its southern slope. It is known to all the Eskimos of the Lake Harbour region. The path of the hunt leads past this mountain up the gradually ascending valley of the river to the rolling plateau northward,

with an average elevation of 2,500 to 3,000 feet above sea-level.

The caribou graze and give birth to their young in the lake basins of the tableland and the herbage-covered valleys of streams leaving the mountains for the sea. In late July and early August, when the mosquito season is at its height, the animals are said by the Eskimos to visit the Grinnell glacier in an attempt to rid themselves of their tormentors. This glacier, which is imperfectly known, with an area of about 1,600 square miles, lies on the northern watershed of the peninsula between Hudson Strait and Frobisher Bay. It is said to discharge in several places into the latter and constitutes the only glacier known in southern Baffin Island south of Cumberland Sound. Its long white crest is distinctly visible astride the mountain range from points in Hudson Strait fully sixty to seventy miles distant.

The rivers of the mountainous sections of Baffin Island are notoriously rapid. Their courses are frequently interrupted

by savage rapids, beautiful falls, and cascades. The largest known cataract in southern Baffin Island was discovered by the writer in July, 1931, on the Cascade River (tributary to the Soper River) which has a sheer drop of ninety-five feet. From the crest of the falls to the junction of this stream with the main river, the drop is 560 feet in a distance of three and a half miles. The whole length is a continuous snarl of foaming rapids, cascades, and cataracts, which mingle their clashing voices with the

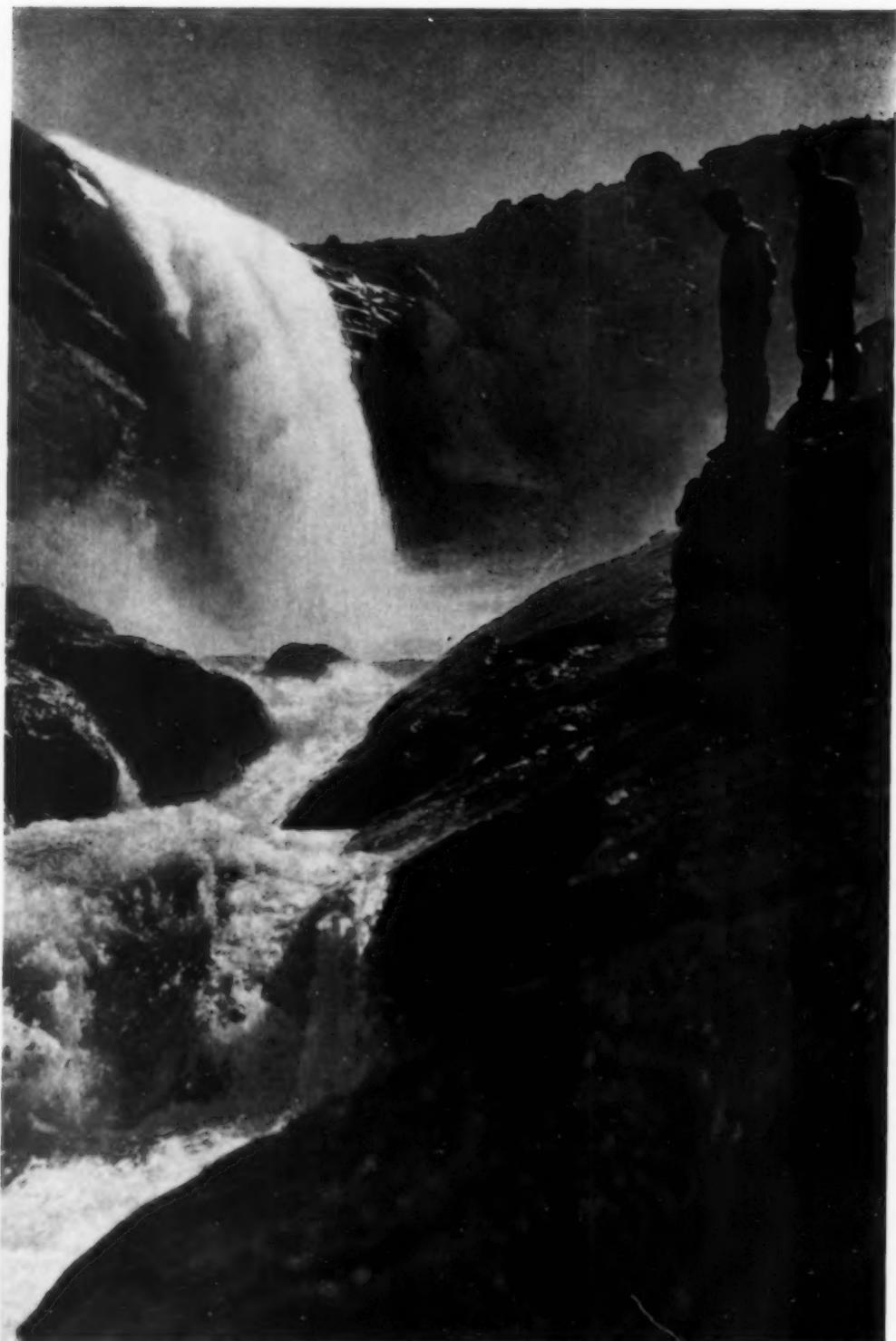


These willows, found by the writer and his Eskimo companions in the valley of the Soper River, in latitude 63° 10' N., were a real "discovery"; 12 feet, 6 inches in height, they rank as by far the largest willows ever found in the eastern Canadian Arctic islands. Photograph taken on July 2, 1931.

tinkling, bell-like songs of the nesting American pipits and the lustier melodies of the snow-bunting. On either side of the river, rather narrowly confined between starkly barren mountains of granite, fire flowers, rhododendrons, Arctic poppies, mountain avens and white heather were at that date blooming in great abundance. These were being busily visited by several species of dainty butterflies and heavy, droning bumble bees. The whole scene was a fascinating commingling of savagery and softness.



An Arctic flower garden. In early July over much of Baffin Island beach-land there is a riot of colour with numerous species of wild flowers.



Magnificent ninety-five-foot waterfall and cascades on the Cascade River, tributary to the Soper River. This is the highest known fall of this volume in southern Baffin Island.



*A luxurious willow growth bordering a small tributary stream of the Soper River, in latitude 63° 09' N.
This spot is nearly 400 miles north of the limit of trees in northern Quebec.*

The white heather plants partake of the nature of shrubs and grow rankly in clumps and patches over the lower, sunny slopes of the mountains. After they have lost their waxy bell flowers the plants are not particularly attractive, but they are of great importance to the Eskimos. The plants are used as fuel on all inland hunts, the only fuel available on these lands unless one is fortunate enough to find a quantity of small dead branches of the dwarfed and prostrate Arctic willows. The heather gives forth a quick heat, with volumes of oily smoke and a pleasant woody incense. To make a pail of tea requires considerable time and constant, patient stoking. But in anything requiring patience the Eskimo is an adept.

One of the interesting "discoveries" during the explorations of the Soper River and tributaries in 1931, was the accidental finding of a stand of willows over twelve feet in height. This came as a surprise in latitude 63° 10' N., over four hundred miles north of the timberline in northern Quebec. Nothing like these had ever previously been found anywhere in the eastern Arctic islands, aside from southern Greenland, where a similar condition exists much more commonly at the heads of the deep fiords. There, restricted areas of small willows, alder, and birch have been repeatedly reported. Baffin Island, however, has a much more rigorous climate than the Danish possession to the east of Davis Strait.





Two high priests of Satan. They are standing in front of the entrance to the chief sanctuary at Sheikh Adi. The upright serpent on the doorpost, the symbol of Satan, is plainly visible between them. Other symbols are also to be seen over the doorway.

A Visit to Satan

By THEOPHILE JAMES MEEK

Photographs by the writer

I WAS on my way to visit Satan in his sanctuary at Sheikh Adi, the leading shrine of the Yazidis or Devil-worshippers, that strange mysterious folk set amid the turbulent Kurds of northwestern Mesopotamia. I had come up from Mosul and the ruins of Nineveh the day before to join a fellow archaeologist and our guide, no less a personage than the secretary of the Yazidi king himself. At Bashiqa on the edge of the foothills we began the first stage of our journey. We had a glorious day. It was spring time and the ground was covered with wild flowers of the loveliest colours and shapes. In the spring the Orient abounds with flowers, even in the desert, and they are most extravagantly coloured. We have nothing at home to compare with them.

Our road over hill and down dale was a villainous one, but it was good weather and we got mired only once. Our native driver, like all his kind, had no mercy on us or his car, and in due course landed us at Ain Sifni, where according to tradition the Ark grounded after the Flood. Here our first duty was to report to the Police Commandant to obtain the guard that was necessary for the further journey. In the centre of the village was a sacred tree, festooned with rags that had been tied to its branches as sacrificial offerings. Near by was the government office

and over one of the doors was the sign in English letters, "Stategnhouse Officer," intended manifestly for "Stationhouse Officer." Here we found the police officer busily engaged in the multiple rôle of constable, prosecuting attorney, judge, and jury, but he graciously granted us enough time to assign us a guard and set us safely on our way.

The road beyond Ain Sifni was even worse than what we had traversed and it was only by the sheerest good fortune that we got through at all. We eventually had to leave the car at the head of the thickly wooded valley leading to Sheikh Adi, but the walk was a pleasant one, and presently the spires of the shrine came into view. These are cone-shaped, fluted and white-washed, and each is surmounted by a brightly gilded ball.

The devil, it seems, likes white-wash, for all Yazidi tombs and holy places are kept well coated with it. All about the shrine are groves of mountain oaks, mulberry, fig and almond trees, and wild roses abound, as well as hyacinths, rosemary, and oleanders; a veritable paradise set amid rocky wastes. It was the most extensive grove of trees, other than palm and olive trees, that I had seen in Iraq and I delighted in it.

The Yazidis are a peculiar people, of uncertain origin and more uncertain beliefs, for which beliefs they have been fiercely persecuted by the



Sacred Tree at Ain Sifni. Bits of rags are tied to the branches of this tree as sacrificial offerings. Beneath the tree is the writer mounted on the horse with which he made the journey to Bavian. In the foreground is a chaikhana or tea-house where the natives love to sit and drink tea and play backgammon. It was at Ain Sifni, according to tradition, that the Ark grounded after the Flood.



In this sketch map of the northern part of Iraq, the territory described by the writer is indicated approximately by the circle.

Muslims. Over and over again their country has been harried by the Turks, and it is only since the coming of the British that they have had any security at all. They seem to be an offshoot of the Kurds, and their religious ideas are a mixture of Muhammadism, Mithraism, Mandaeism, Manichaeism, and certain other isms, along with primitive nature worship; for they reverence the sun and moon, trees and fountains, and other natural phenomena. Many of the inscriptions in the sanctuary are addressed to the sun and the Yazidis are accustomed to kiss the object on which its first beams fall in the morning. But they worship the Devil above all, Malak Taus, or the Peacock Angel, as they call him. Though they worship God, they consider him a remote First Cause, a kind of Brahma above all, rather than the living, active lord of this world. The lord of this world is the angel whom we have named "The Fallen," and they "The Peacock Angel." He is no evil god, nor any more vindictive or harsh than Jehovah of the Old Testament. Like any other god he can be propitiated by prayers and offerings,

and to him the Yazidis give their chief allegiance and devotion. So sacred is the name of Satan that it may never be uttered, even as Jews may not utter the sacred name of their God, nor may any word be spoken that sounds like *Shaitan* (Satan). Thus, in speaking of a river, they will not say *shat*, but substitute its synonym *nahr*. The Yazidis have an image of Satan in the form of a peacock which they hold in great reverence, but this has never been shown to an unbeliever. A few travelers have attempted by various methods to gain access to it, but only with dire consequences to themselves. To the Yazidis pork is taboo, as it is to Jews and Muslims, but they are not forbidden wine, as the Muslims are, and at their feasts there is always much drinking. They baptize in water, as Christians do; if possible, within seven days after birth. They circumcise at the same age, and in the same manner as Jews and Muslims. They use selections in Arabic from the Quran in their religion, but their own language is a dialect of Kurdish.

The Yazidis wear a peculiar dress, a round-necked shirt with sleeves of enormous length, surmounted by a loose tunic confined at the waist by a wide sash, and baggy trousers on the legs. Red is their favorite colour whereas blue is never worn under any circumstances, since it is taboo for some peculiar reason. The hair is worn bobbed, and the head is surmounted by a red turban. The women wear huge stomachers of wrought silver and great quantities of barbaric jewelry: bracelets, anklets, and rings in their ears, in their noses, and on their fingers.

The chief priest and king of the Yazidis is known as the Mir, and under him are several



The fluted spires of Sheikh Adi. They make a pretty picture among the trees of the valley. With a liberal use of white-wash they are always kept a glistening white. Down the valley runs a delightful stream of ever-flowing water, which supposedly has its source in the sacred well of Zemzem at Mecca.

orders of lesser priests. The Mir is all-powerful and infallible, and like most dictators, he seldom dies in his bed, as the following story illustrates. A Mir was showing his nephew a sword of honor that had been presented to him. "Is not the workmanship magnificent?" he asked. "Very fine!" "And the steel well tempered?" "Let me see!" said the nephew, and he took the sword in his hand. "It is indeed keen," he observed, "and I will test it at once." Whereupon he turned suddenly on his uncle and slew him with it. "And now I am your Mir!" he said to

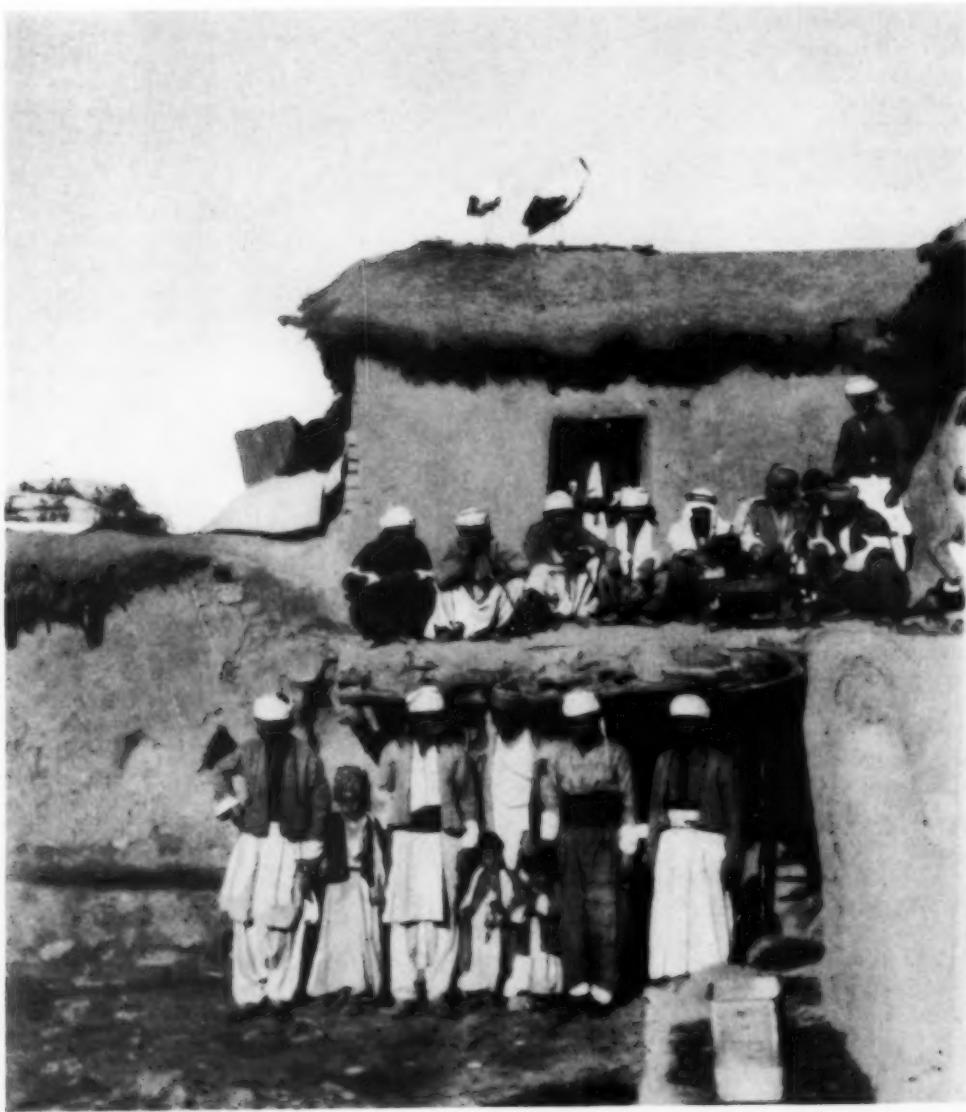
the frightened people. "Yes, thou art our Mir!" they dutifully replied.



This does not look much like a road; in fact it is nothing more than a trail and makes very difficult going for a car. Our car, with our guide and our guard, both looking very important, are shown against the background of the Yazidi hills.



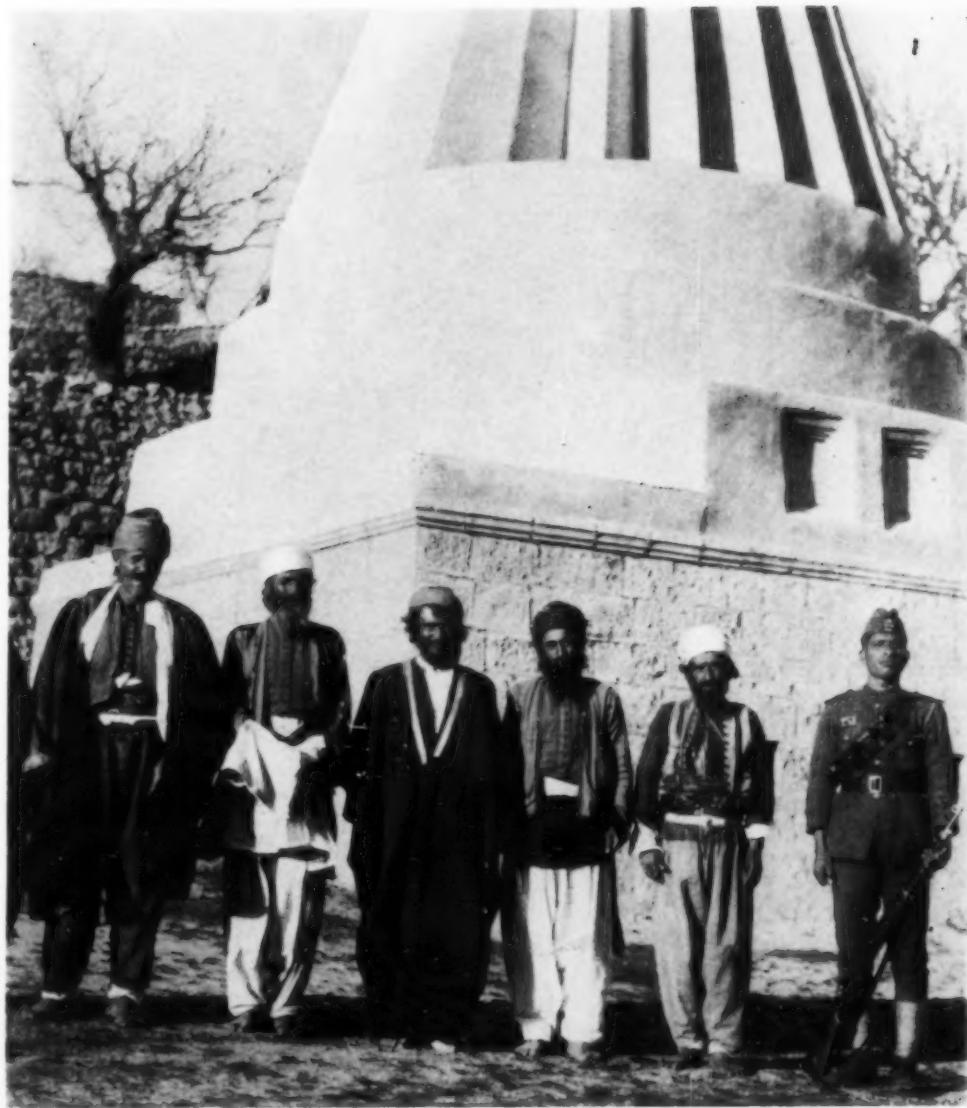
Keeping the peace where Satan rules. An Iraqi policeman, British trained and very efficient, looking very pompous as he stands beside a Yazidi. His number, 353, appears in Arabic numerals over his right breast.



Yazidi hospitality. The house of the mudir of Ain Sifni where we were royally entertained over night. The guest chamber is on the second floor. On the roof two storks are busily engaged building a nest and in front of the door, the chief men of the village, invited in for the occasion, are smoking their long-stemmed pipes, with an open brazier supplying the embers for lighting them.

There are no secular buildings at Sheikh Adi. They are all religious, but in one of the rooms we were entertained to tea. "Peace be on you, O Sahibs!" we were welcomed. "Peace be on you and yours!" "And peace be on you!" we replied, touching forehead and heart in the Oriental fashion. The tea was served in small glasses according to the Oriental custom and was made sickly sweet without

milk or cream, I noted that the glasses were filled to overflowing, not only as a gesture of hospitality, but manifestly also to sterilize the glass. This was only one particular out of many in which the Yazidis showed themselves more cleanly in their habits than their Arab and Kurdish neighbors. After tea we were taken to visit the shrine. In front of this is a courtyard, paved with stone slabs and delightfully shaded by mulberry



The reception line at Sheikh Adi. These are some of the priests who entertained us. It is to be noted that they are all barefoot and most of them wear flowing beards. On the extreme right is our guard and in the background is the upper structure of the shrine, showing part of the fluted spire.

trees. Here we had to take off our shoes and we were warned not to set foot on the huge stone that constitutes the threshold, but carefully to step over it, because it is sacred. The doorway is interesting because of its curious magical symbols cut in low relief on the stone, the principal one being a great upright snake on the doorpost, which pilgrims kiss as the symbol of Satan. Apparently symbolizing his dark character, it is

kept painted black. The exact significance of the symbols the priests will not reveal and any questions bearing on this they quickly turn aside.

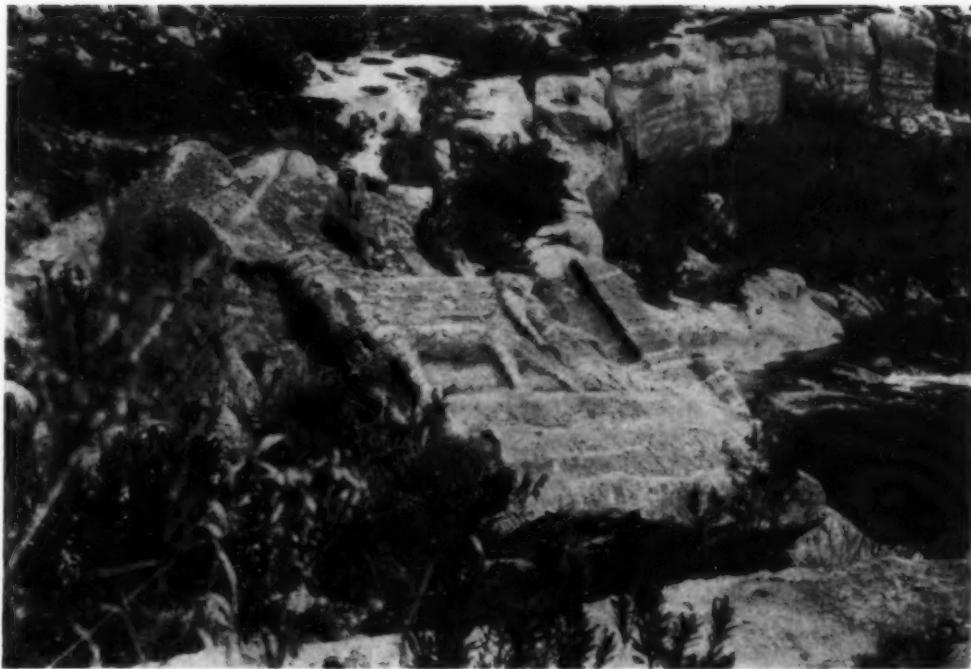
The interior of the shrine is disappointing. It is dark, dirty, and shabby, but mysterious withal. There are no windows whatsoever, and the tiny primitive lamps give only an indifferent light. For these olive oil is used, and hand-woven wicks, which



Treading out olive oil. The olives are well soaked in water, placed in a bag, and the oil is then trodden out with the bare feet. Olives are grown quite extensively by the Yazidis and an important use is to supply oil for the lamps at Sheikh Adi.



A fort on the Zagros Mountains. Forts like this are necessary to keep the turbulent Kurds under control. They are nearly always on the war-path and under the leadership of their wily chieftain, Sheikh Mahmud, they are continually giving trouble to the authorities.



A winged bull at Bavian. It has fallen from its original position and now lies on the edge of the river where Sennacherib constructed his great engineering works to bring the cool mountain water to his capital at Nineveh.



A shepherd and his sheep. Sheep raising is one of the chief industries of the Kurdish hill country and the sheep are the variety common to the East. They have huge fat tails, corresponding to the hump on the camel. The shepherd of the East never drives his sheep, but always leads them. The sheep will follow none but their own shepherd, and at his call they will follow at his heels in a way most astounding to a stranger.



*A stork and her young. Storks abound in northern Iraq and being unmolested, they are very tame. The natives call the stork *haiji laqlaq*; *haiji* or *pilgrim* because it is the harbinger of spring and *laqlaq* in imitation of the peculiar noise that it makes by snapping its long bills sharply together, the only noise that the stork can make.*

float in the receptacle, a square iron dish with pinched corners. The floor is greasy and wet. Water flows everywhere in and about the shrine, playing hide-and-seek all over this strange, hole-and-corner place, sometimes above ground, sometimes below. Its voice is never silent and it never goes dry. It is supposed to travel miraculously all the way from the distant well of Zemzem at Mecca and is accordingly sacred and full of virtuous power. Personally we found it more virtuous in our tea than on our stockinginged feet.

The building is not very large and is divided by columns into two naves, one higher than the other by a foot. Off the northeast corner is a chapel containing the tomb of Sheikh Adi, whoever he was. We know that he is the traditional founder of the Yazidis and their greatest saint, but beyond that we can say little. According to

the Yazidis he was a pupil of the great Sufi saint, Abdul Kadar Gilani, and could hear him speaking in Baghdad when miles away from him. If another wished to share in this miraculous power, Sheikh Adi would draw a circle on the ground, and standing in the circle, he too could hear Abdul Kadar—a forerunner of modern broadcasting! The tomb is covered with dirty rugs and embroidered cloth, and seems a dingy resting-place for so venerated a saint, but we were duly impressed. Beyond the tomb is a door leading into an underground chamber, but we were not allowed to penetrate here, because it is forbidden to unbelievers, and we had perforce to return by the dark way that we came.

Both within the shrine and outside are holy spots that the devotees kiss. I noticed too that a layman always



A walking arsenal. He is a Kurdish hillman who has come into Ain Sifni for supplies and like all his kind, he is armed to the teeth, with rifle, bandolier filled with cartridges, revolver, and dagger. A native of Ain Sifni appears in the background.

kissed the hand of a priest when he met him. There are lesser shrines with lights in front of them, and the serpent and sundisk are frequent symbols everywhere. It is a place of mystery ruled over by the Prince of Darkness, himself a mystery.

The greatest of all the Yazidi festivals is the Feast of Assembly that takes place in October. Pilgrims flock to Sheikh Adi from far and near, and the whole valley is lighted up at night by olive oil lamps stuck in various nooks and crannies. The most important feature of the festival is the sacrifice of a white bull to the sun. Chosen youths lead him in procession around the shrine of Sheikh Shems-ed-din, dedicated to the sun, and from there he is driven down the hill with much shouting and beating; he is then slaughtered and eaten sacra-



Coffee making is an art and a rite in the East and is always the work of the men and never the women. The coffee is cooked over an open brazier and the beans are always freshly pounded. Each tribe or community has its own peculiar rhythm with which the pestle is pounded in the mortar.



A Yazidi layman. He was one of our servants at the Expedition House and though a worshiper of the Devil, he had none of his Satanic qualities, but was a most efficient servant. The picture shows well the bobbed hair and the enormously long sleeves of the shirt that have to be tied up to keep them out of the way.

mentally by the assembled hosts. There is much music and dancing, races, gun firing, and other forms of hilarity that mark the Oriental "fantasia," and there is also much eating and drinking.

Returning from Sheikh Adi, we were housed for the night in the guest room or upper chamber of the *mudir* or sheikh of Ain Sifni. We found that he had gathered some twenty leading men of the village to do us honor, and the women below were busy cooking our evening meal over an open fire. We all squatted in a circle about a brazier upon which tea and coffee were being prepared. These are always prepared by the men themselves, even to the grinding of the coffee in mortars, whereas the cooking of the food is the task of the women. The lamps in the room were of the same ancient vintage as those at Sheikh Adi and no whit different from those used by the ancient Assyrians. The Arabs sat in dignified silence, as

is their wont before a formal meal, such as this was, smoking enormously long-stemmed pipes which they lit from time to time with embers taken by servants from the brazier. Presently tea was served and the ceremony of the meal began. There was only one glass and this was refilled for each, but never washed. We were glad to be guests and hence to be the first to use the glass, but whether it had been washed after an earlier use was more than questionable. Presently the servants brought in a huge bronze tray piled high with a mixture of rice and chicken. On the mat beside us flaps of Arab bread like huge pancakes had already been laid, and with pieces of bread and our fingers we were supposed to feed ourselves from the mass now set before us. When one has eaten heartily and enjoyed his meal, it is Arab etiquette to belch wind from the stomach; the more and the louder the belches, the greater the courtesy to the host. After a hearty meal at home I have sometimes found it difficult to restrain such unseemly noises, but on the present occasion, try as I would, I was able to produce only the faintest of sounds, and I fear that our host thought me unappreciative. I made a great to-do about eating, but as a matter of fact I did not eat enough to get the desired results. Food that may be delectable to the Arab is a bit messy to the foreigner, particularly when he has to eat it with his fingers out of a common dish. After we had done full justice to the contents of the tray, it was passed to another group, and so in turn until it reached the women and children below, and then the dogs got what was left and that was nothing but a few bones. Thick Arab coffee without cream or sugar was then served in a tiny cup. Once again a single receptacle had to do for the whole company and was offered to each in turn in a kind of loving-cup fashion. At the conclusion of the meal servants brought a laver and poured water over our hands that we might wash them. Next morning breakfast was served with the same ceremony and the chief men were again present.

After breakfast we were provided with horses and a guard for the further journey to Bavian. Here are famous rock sculptures of great Assyrian kings, amongst them Sennacherib, "the great king, the mighty king, the king of the world, the king of Assyria," as he calls himself in his inscriptions. Here too are the ruins of Sennacherib's mighty engineering works by which he brought the clear mountain water of Bavian all the way to Nineveh, a remarkable project for that early time. There is no road to Bavian, not even such as is called a road in Iraq, where roads in our sense of the term scarcely exist at all. There is nothing but a rough mountain trail that takes one into the very heart of Kurdistan, and my horse was a tricky brute that gave me no end of trouble. The natives are a picturesque, but turbulent folk, big brawny men that have always been a source of trouble to the authorities, whether they be Turkish, British, or Iraqi, as they have been in turn. During the whole of my sojourn in Iraq there was continual warfare with the Kurds, and their leader, the wily Sheikh Mahmud, kept the whole Iraqi army busily engaged, and at times the British Air Force had to come to their assistance. And the war is still going on. Even in peace time the Kurds go about armed to the teeth, but this is not so striking in a land where practically everyone carries arms and where we ourselves had armed guards on duty at our expedition house both day and night. But even the Kurds have their domestic moments; for on the trail we ran into a family of father, mother, and six children, enjoying themselves at a picnic in a manner quite like their western brethren.

The journey back from the country of Satan was as memorable as the journey in; for we had a remarkable view of the mountain range at sunset. The sky was a bright red; on the horizon were the snow-capped mountain peaks of the Zagros chain; below that the hills were purple, lower down deep blue, and then came green on the plains. It was the most striking colour combination that I ever saw. Satan was bidding us a bright and colourful farewell.

The Prairie Orchestra

By H. H. PITTMAN

Photographs copyrighted by the writer

SOUND plays an important part in our enjoyment of a prairie summer yet few of us take very much interest in it or attempt to distinguish the different members of the vast orchestra. It is not until the death-like silence of winter descends upon the plains that we even begin to think of the music which filled the long warm days and speculate about its origin. The earliest musicians are the frogs and their pleasant thrilling lasts until the birds take up the strains. At the height of the nesting season the singing becomes spasmodic and finally begins to wane when busy parents have to attend to the insatiable appetites of rapidly growing chicks. It is at this pause when

the vocal music is hesitating that the instrumentalists step on to the stage.

Our instrumentalists are many and varied but the principal performers belongs to the important order known as the Orthoptera, represented in this country by the locusts, grasshoppers and crickets. This particular group, called the Saltatoria, may be readily separated from the rest of the order by the highly developed hind legs which not only enable the insects to leap as well as walk but also, in many instances,

Anxiety in the Prairie Provinces as to what the grasshopper may do to the farmer's crops lends a certain interest — though perhaps not a sympathetic interest — to this article. Many will probably dispute vigorously Mr Pittman's conclusion that the grasshopper would be missed if it were exterminated.



Long-horned or meadow grasshopper (*scudderia pistillata*). Colour, a leaf green. Sometimes called the "Katydid."

covers, like bows. Some members of this order have little taut membranes at the bases of the wings which act as tiny tambourines. But however the sounds are produced, none is, in any sense of the word, vocal.

During a normal summer the sounds contributed by the insects are not particularly noticeable individually, forming merely a minor contribution to the great chorus; but occasionally, in favourable seasons, their music dominates. A few years ago, when grasshoppers

provide the musical instruments which have made some of these otherwise humble creatures famous.

Contrary to the general belief and even to the evidence of our ears, none of these insects possesses any vocal powers. Indeed, I have only met with two insects which could be said to make vocal sounds and even this is open to contradiction. All the Orthoptera produce their music by the friction of one highly specialized part of their bodies rubbing against another. The crickets rub the saw-edges of the wing-covers together but the grasshoppers are true fiddlers, drawing the serrated edges of their long legs against the borders of the wing-



Members of the prairie orchestra are not so well liked for their destructive tendencies. A group of grasshoppers and locusts during a "plague".

and crickets were so abundant in south-western Manitoba that they almost constituted a plague, the air seemed filled with their ceaseless calls or stridulations day and night, and with so many species contributing, the effect was musical and not unpleasing.

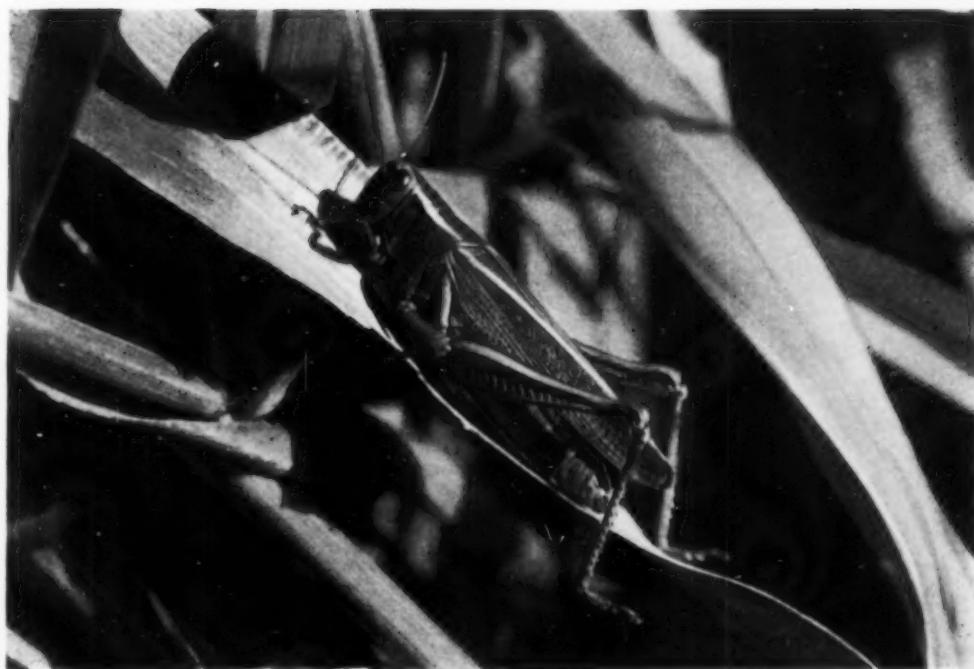
These insects are able to vary their calls a little but each species has a recognisable note for the specialist. As the volume of sound increases with the advance of summer, our ears become so accustomed to it that we no longer notice it until it stops. When a shower comes we immediately feel that something is lacking, however indifferent we have been before, because the musicians retire to cover and the prairie is silent.

For our orchestra to be at its best continuous dry hot weather is essential, for most of the insects of this order are sun-worshippers. We can always associate their stridulations and the droning hum of other species with long summer days, when the wind has ceased chasing the sunlight about and everything is hot and still. If we are fortunate enough to have a little leisure for

relaxation the effect is distinctly soothing.

While most of these musicians are stationary performers we have several who contribute to the summer harmony during flight, but naturally, their efforts are spasmodic and erratic. These are generally locusts with brilliantly coloured wings and their music rather resembles miniature watchmen's rattles. Their inner or hind wings are black, scarlet or yellow, like those of butterflies, but these are hidden by sombre covers when the insects are at rest. We hear little whirs and see bright flashes of colour here and there appearing and disappearing in a most puzzling way. There is an almost elfin mischief in their actions when we try to follow and unless the pursuit is rapid the one we eventually capture is rarely the specimen that first attracted us.

The music of our small performers is often distinctly misleading to the collector because so many of them seem to possess ventriloquial powers. Moreover, when the insects are very plentiful the songs are picked up by one after another, here, there and everywhere, in



Twin-striped locust.

a most confusing manner. The best way to gain information is to sit still in a suitable place and watch and listen. Absolute immobility is essential for our artists are temperamental and resent disturbance of any kind.

Crickets have gained almost worldwide fame for their music and in places they are caged and kept as pets! They have won a place in literature that is, perhaps, second only to that of bees. There are several species found on the prairie, some very large, but the best performers are the familiar little black field-crickets. There are years when they are extremely abundant and every object lying on the ground shelters one or more. They continue calling long after the grasshoppers and locusts have become silent and only cease when cold nights begin to warn us that winter is not far away.

The song of the field-crickets is a musical trilling well represented by the syllables "treet-treet-treet" constantly repeated and seems to be produced solely by the males. These sounds are made by the elytra or wing-covers which are slightly raised and rubbed against

one another with a motion curiously suggestive of the opening and closing of a pair of scissor-blades. Quietness and a most infinite patience are necessary to see a cricket performing and when we succeed we find that he is generally upside down!

It is, perhaps, in August that the cricket's song is best, when the prairie is brilliant with the royal colours, purple and gold. When purple asters contrast with golden asters, golden-rod and sunflowers, our merry little musicians perform enthusiastically day and night.

It is noteworthy that our best instrumentalists exact rather heavy pay for their aesthetic services which, however fitting it may be, tends sometimes to lessen our appreciation. There are so many species on the prairie belonging to this order that when a series of favourable seasons occurs the abundance of individuals becomes a menace. The damage done in some districts is occasionally very serious, although at its worst it is never so absolute as the devastation following in the wake of visitations of allied species in warmer parts of the world.



Packard's locusts, male and female.

Several of the members of our troupe wear strikingly coloured uniforms of scarlet, yellow or green but this brilliance is usually accompanied by plain wings. When the wings are coloured the wing-covers and legs are generally brown and sombre. There is one most interesting species, the long-horned or meadow grasshopper which affords an excellent example of protective colouration and resemblance. The colour is a delicate grass-green and this large but fragile insect is very leaf-like among the herbage. In southern Manitoba and

Saskatchewan I have never found it plentiful enough to be troublesome but it is an enthusiastic member of our orchestra.

There are times, perhaps, when the music of the insects may become a little monotonous but on the whole it is of a cheerful character, particularly to anyone familiar with the long silence of the prairie winter. One of the most striking features about it is its volume, for frequently the air almost seems to vibrate and there is hardly a break in the steady throbbing rhythm from dawn until night.

The metamorphosis of the grasshoppers and locusts is incomplete and it is difficult to point out the different stages



Young twin-striped locust, showing the wings beginning to develop.



Carolina locust in flight.

of development which are so obvious with most insects. The eggs hatch out into more or less miniature copies of the adults, except for the lack of wings. The growth of the young is accompanied by a series of moults which may continue for six weeks or longer and are at least five or six in number. As the young grow larger they have to discard their old clothing, for, like our own, it refuses to allow for any increase in size.

The wings are not acquired until full growth is attained although traces can be seen as little pads much earlier. We are so accustomed to the great leaps of these creatures that we often forget

about their powers of flight. Although aeroplanes, I believe, have encountered our Canadian grasshoppers and locusts at fairly high altitudes, until a scarcity of food occurs or the urge to migrate becomes strong, the wings are generally only used to prolong the leaps. The wings of the adults are large and strong but I am inclined to think that the movements of the Saltatoria are, to some extent, dependent upon the prevailing winds or, at least, greatly influenced by them.

The Canadian grasshoppers are generally considered harmless as far as man is concerned but during the last twenty-five years my notebooks record four or five bites! They were quite



*Large camel cricket meeting a fall cricket.
(*Udeopsylla nigra* and *Gryllus luctuosus*.)*



Banded grasshopper.

unexpected, very painful and as sudden as if the red-hot end of a cigarette had been applied to the flesh. As a rule a captured grasshopper's sole indication of resentment is the ejection of a dark brown fluid from the mouth. This fluid has never troubled me in any way although it may be corrosive, as it is sometimes stated to be a remedy for warts.

I have met with wingless immature grasshoppers in April and have even had them reported as early as February in mild seasons. I have also photographed active specimens in October and even November so it is obvious that with favourable weather their season

is a long one. Perhaps we should be grateful for our severe winters after all! The real check, however, upon the undue increase of troublesome members of this group is the rain. The eggs are laid in little pockets in the ground and they seem very susceptible to excessive moisture.

Not the least remarkable feature about these insects is the appalling odour of the accumulations of dead ones. The stench emitted by a heap of dead grasshoppers or locusts is far worse



Coral winged locust

than the smell of any skunk it was ever my misfortune to annoy! This quality, of course, is not confined to the Orthoptera, for the long windrows of dead May-flies sometimes washed up on the shores of our large lakes are equally disagreeable.

The members of the prairie orchestra do not have things their own way all the time for their enemies are legion. Many kinds of birds prey upon them and the black-headed gulls in particular are always willing to help clear a badly infested district. Our handsome little sparrowhawks do good work in this direction too and many rodents help. On several occasions we have watched Franklin's ground-squirrels catching grasshoppers and eating them with every appearance of great satisfaction. The more plentiful locusts and grasshoppers become the more their troubles seem to increase, for which, of course, we should be thankful. It seems

remarkable, but one common check upon the activities of at least some of these creatures is the fraying and wearing-out of the wings! Parasites, too, help to keep their numbers down and one, the red locust mite, is possibly partly responsible for the damaged wings, for it is upon the nervures of these that it is generally found. I have examined wings with as many as seven or eight of these parasites on them.

Except during the infrequent periods of unusual abundance, grasshoppers and crickets are comparatively harmless. Their cheerful voices are a welcome addition to the music of the plains and most of us, subconsciously perhaps, would miss them if they were exterminated. Insects are keen rivals of man and are wonderfully well equipped to compete in the struggle for existence but the Orthoptera at least make some slight effort to recompense us for their depredations.



THE FORERUNNER OF WINNIPEG



Courtesy Maclean's Magazine.

An old sketch of the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Fort Garry as it was about the middle of the 19th Century, the trading centre from which "the prairie capital" of Winnipeg developed.

WINNIPEG—The Prairie Capital

By THOMAS B. ROBERTON

(Captions for photographs by W. E. Ingersoll)

BY all its loyal citizens, Winnipeg, spreading far and wide beyond the banks of its two rivers and standing as the port of entry to the Canadian West, is firmly held to be — irrespective of the vagaries of statistics and suchlike devices of precisians — the third largest city in Canada, and second to no other in respect of its distinctive civic character and capacity, and in the contribution it makes to the corporate life of the Dominion.

While it is perfectly true that when we search the records of Winnipeg, we find that its actual organized civic existence is contained within the span of the last sixty years;—and that the city is not a great deal older than thirty years, or even twenty;—it would be utterly false to imagine that Winnipeg lacks either history or the essential ingredients of romance.

Under modern Winnipeg lies the succession of pioneering enterprises: old settlements and towns which have vanished, or only persist in quaint fragments from the past amid the rattle of the current city. But the lineage of adventure and enterprise on which today's Winnipeg is founded goes back to eminently respectable distances in time. In 1733, just two centuries ago, we have glimpses of the figures of La Verendrye and his sons and companions indomitably cruising their way westward from Quebec over plains and waterways to the broad stream of the Red River, and the staking out of Fort Rouge as the first piece of white settlement on the site which was to be covered by the homes and spires of Winnipeg.

In one of those distant seventeenth century years, too, another strange personage, one Henry Kelsey, of London-on-the-Thames, in buckskin jacket emerges from the Hudson Bay country and travels southwest on an exploration; gives a long explorer's look across the great plain towards Southern Manitoba and withdraws again into the legends of Fort Nelson.

All this is the dawn-time of prairie civilization. Later, in the Napoleonic years of the nineteenth century came those forlorn cargoes of emigrants, the Kildonan settlers, from stormy Highland bays on the West Coast of Scotland, cottars expelled by malevolent landowners from their barren little crofts

and shielings. They were led to Red River by Lord Selkirk — another picturesque man of mystery and misfortune — beating out his life and his genius against the natural limitations of human cupidity and near-sightedness, and sitting now in stone, with La Verendrye, at the east portal of Manitoba's legislative Buildings on Broadway—brooding over the tri-

umph of his prophetic vision which daily realises itself before him in the pouring crescendo of Winnipeg's busy life.

This is good historical embroidery, and we can add contention, forays, and little pitched battles to the chronicle before we come to the incorporation of the City of Winnipeg at all. At Seven Oaks, just beyond the car barns on North Main Street, the passerby can see a small stone monument which marks the engagement fought there in 1816 between Cuthbert Grant and



A reminder of pre-Winnipeg days, the old gateway of Fort Garry. "A Lilliputian fortification of weathered grey stone".



Air view of Winnipeg, looking eastward along Portage Avenue, and showing the city's business heart, with the Red River beyond. In the foreground, to the left, is Wesley College; further along the street, on the opposite side, the Hudson's Bay Company's store; further still, left, indicated by the arrow, the Winnipeg Free Press building; opposite, the T. Eaton Co. store; and at the top of the street, left, the McArthur Building, Winnipeg's tallest block.

his Metis Indians, and some hapless Hudson Bay people, led by Governor Semple, who perished in the encounter.

The Hudson Bay Company dug itself deeper into the pre-Winnipeg era of Red River than any other influence; and the gateway of their old post at Fort Garry, a Liliputian fortification of weathered gray stone, still stands in a diminutive park under the shadow of the Fort Garry Hotel. Through that low gateway notable figures passed and did great work long ago. You sit on a bench in the tiny park and look at the creepers trellising the ancient wall which once helped to house the brains and wealth of the infant settlement, and you think of Lord Strathcona, whose memory is preserved just round the corner in "Smith" Street, and further west in "Donald" Street; you think of Thomas Scott, shot by the rebel Riel, and whose grave was never found. Louis Riel himself is a lurid figure in the old background. The exuberant incendiary who set Sir Garnet Wolseley and his

regiment marching on the famous little Red River expedition, and who, in due time and season, was hanged, lies buried across the Red under the shadow of "the turrets twain" of St. Boniface Cathedral. To Fort Garry in its grand days came stiff-necked old Governor Simpson, York-boating it up the Red in square cut broadcloth and stove-pipe beaver hat, while the population stood respectful and received him like the little king he was, and the friendly Indians prepared for the domestic celebrations inevitable on such auspicious visits.

History indeed, clings to us as we muse on Winnipeg's origin, and it is with difficulty we detach ourselves from its entangling gossamers, and enter on the modern scene, loud with life, which greets the visitor who arrives in Winnipeg today. This scene traces back directly to the incorporation of Winnipeg in the year 1873, when the progressive civic career began which has produced the present metropolis of the



A good view of Portage Avenue, main thoroughfare of the city of Winnipeg. The picture is particularly interesting from a historical point of view, as representing what was sixty years ago the point of departure of the famous Winnipeg-to-Edmonton trail, called locally the Portage (Portage la Prairie) Road by early settlers, and which gave the present name to Portage Avenue. In the foreground, is the Winnipeg post-office.

Canadian West. The old town of 1873 has vanished too. It was a small assemblage of nondescript wooden habitations, anchored precariously in the prairie sods, which were churned by the traffic in the wet season into a fluid mud.

Incorporation was not achieved without a struggle of genuine violence. Always at epochal moments in national growth some luckless obscurantist obtrudes his backward mentality across the path of progress, and Winnipeg's civic parturition was obstructed by "a large number of property-owners who feared taxation." Taxes would go up, therefore Winnipeg must not incorporate herself as a responsible entity with powers of growth and progress in her frame-work. Obscurantism, however, had its moment of triumph when the Manitoba Legislature threw out the bill for the incorporation of the city. It was a momentary victory, because the irritated townsmen seized the Speaker, a Mr. Bird, of the House, carried him off to Point Douglas, and

poured a bucket of hot tar over him to emphasise their dissatisfaction with his ruling on the question of incorporation.

Thereafter Winnipeg moved swiftly and inevitably to her predestined charter, and on a cold October evening of 1873, the conscript fathers of the hamlet met in a log school house, sixteen feet by twenty, on Point Douglas, and "with young James H. Ashdown directing the proceedings from the Chairman's seat behind the teacher's desk, and W. F. Luxton, a young man with thin whiskers and a challenging eye, taking the minutes of the meeting," the bill of incorporation for Winnipeg was licked into shape. It passed the fourth session of the first legislature of Manitoba on November 4, 1873, and Winnipeg, was officially declared to be in existence.

For a metropolis, Winnipeg is situated on an elevation singularly lacking in geographical variety and detail. The immense plain, in the eastern margin of which the city spreads its far-ranging



A view of Main Street on a slushy spring day some fifty years ago, looking north from a point about two blocks away from the first Winnipeg city hall. The picture gives a good idea of early Winnipeg equipages—the wagon, buggy, democrat and the cutter, out for probably its last run of the season on the melting snow which later turned to the phenomenal mud that made Winnipeg's Main Street famous, or infamous.



The old settlement cart-trail which, running parallel to the bank of the Red River, became a central thoroughfare of one of Canada's principal cities, is shown to fine advantage in this recent view of Winnipeg's Main Street at its principal point, immediately north of the intersection of Portage Avenue. The perspective is shortened by one of the bends of Main Street, which turns hither and yon like the old prairie trail which formed its base.



A view of Winnipeg's Main Street in 1875, when the first sewer was being laid down. The perspective is along the west side of Main Street, looking south from a point about opposite the City Hall, probably the top of the old Radiger block, site of the present Confederation Life building. The structure with the chimney is the original Winnipeg courthouse. The first tall building going south is the then new store of J. H. Ashdown, founder of the Ashdown Hardware Company.



A good perspective of Winnipeg's Main Street, taken from the air, looking north from a point above the City Hall Square. In the foreground, slightly to the right of Main Street, is the Bible House of the British and Foreign Bible society. Further downstreet, on the right, is the Bon Accord, pioneer business block. The Royal Alexandra Hotel and C. P. R. station can be clearly seen in the middle distance.

encampments, extends in illimitable widths of vastness which break up finally in rolling green waves against the bastions of the Rocky Mountains, a thousand miles west. The terrain around Winnipeg is of the flatness of a roughly planed table, and in this flatness the whole profile of the city, save only half-a-dozen domes and pinnacles — the dome of the Legislative Building, the chateau roof of the Fort Garry Hotel, the Twin Spires of St. Boniface Cathedral — sinks entirely out of visibility to the observer coming in from the adjacent areas.

We have no vantage peaks or ledges on which to poise our imposing edifices. All our domiciles rise from the same impartial footing, which is some 772 feet above sea level. Our tallest city block, the McArthur Building is 12 stories high, right on the corner of Portage Avenue and Main Street, which is the pulsing heart of Winnipeg, and the

geometric centre, some have it, of North America.

Across the wide intersection from the McArthur Block stands the Bank of Montreal, with its columned entrance, its triangular "square" with the bronze memorial soldier looking absently at the street cars running past, and the darting motor-cars. A cluster of financial houses and railway offices fill out the other compass points on the Portage-Main Street corners. Behind them looms the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

From the half-million bushels of wheat threshed out in 1876 Western Canada has gone up from peak to peak on the statistician's spiky graphs until now in good seasons we can take a billion bushels of assorted grain off the western farm lands; and half of that grain would be wheat.

Dealing in wheat is like building with quicksilver; calculating its movement is like pinning down the flickering rays

Right: The soldiers' monument at the northwest corner of the Manitoba parliament buildings grounds. The inscription on the plinth reads: "To the immortal memory of the men and women from Winnipeg who gave their lives in the Great War, 1914-1918." The photograph was taken with the Decoration Day wreaths around the foot of the column.



Left: Winnipeg's new Civic Auditorium, housing a huge public assembly-room, an art gallery, a permanent natural history and historical museum, and other features.

Right: An air view of the Manitoba parliament buildings and grounds, looking northeast. The old Government House, residence of the lieutenant-governors of Manitoba for 50 years, stands to the right of the parliament buildings.



Left: The main entrance to the Manitoba Parliament Buildings, one of the finest architectural piles in Canada, designed by the late Frank Simon, famous British architect. The buffalo give a characteristic western touch to the great posts of the staircase, with its marble steps and landings.

of the painted Northern Lights. The tides of wheat ebb and flow under the guidance of forces inscrutable and complex, as the laws which keep the planets swinging round the sun. In the Winnipeg Grain Exchange — the largest open market in the world — let us get the didactic information off our hands at once — the drama of Wheat has been staged daily for forty-six years; and what Shakespearean tragedy or farce, for intensity of feeling, for swiftness of catastrophe, for indomitable combat against the blacker gods of chance, for giddy ascents to fortune's choice seats, for sweeping plunges into ruin, and for all the half-world of serio-comic business which clings to adventure's coat-tails, can equal the chronicles which come out of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange?

Hundreds of millions of bushels of grain, transmuted by the magic wand

of commerce into hundreds of millions of dollars; and both of the golden tides pouring outwards and inwards through the Grain Exchange as their great bottle-neck of exit and entry. This has been going on with increasing volume since 1887, when the Exchange was founded.

Winnipeg is built on wheat. In the Grain Exchange the barometric pressures of the world's wheat markets are recorded in each day's trading. A curious place of broken Napoleons, of stout, staunch fellows who hang on and save the day, of scalpers nicking the market for the fraction of a cent, and making a good living out of it too — sometimes. Off the corridors doors open into the board-rooms, which are not exclusive sanctums where directors meet in guarded privacy; not at all. The board-rooms in the Grain Exchange take their name from the large black-board



The Dakota, a typical stern-wheel steamboat of the type which served Winnipeg in the days prior to the coming of the first railway line about 55 years ago. The Dakota was one of a fleet operated by the Red River Transportation Company, headed by the noted fur-trader Norman W. Kittson of St. Paul, who had as a partner, James J. Hill, founder of the Great Northern Railroad.

on which the clerks chalk up the days' grain price fluctuations, while the market is open. In front of the board sit the speculators who watch their fortunes jerk up and down with the vagaries of the changing figures.

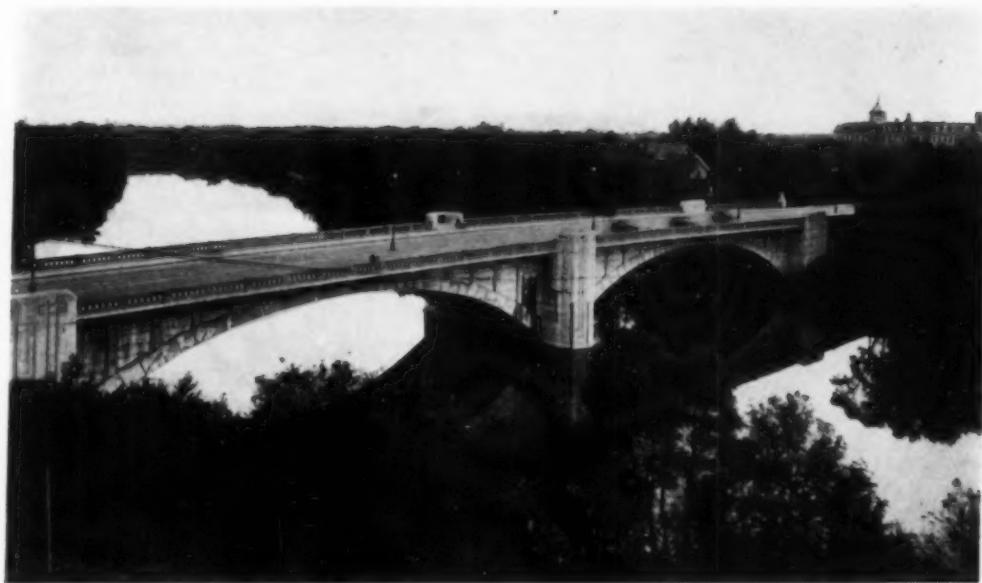
We have in Winnipeg all the amenities peculiar to established cities with which to occupy our minds: a fine school system; an ingenious colony of lawyers, whose ingenuity has been overtaxed these past few years in valiant attempt at non-suiting the Depression. On Broadway stands our Law Courts, where all the statutory brands of the King's Justice are dispensed. These Law Courts face the splendid tree-arcaded avenue of Broadway, pleasantly situated, and entered by impressive flights of wide stone steps.

These Law Courts on Kennedy Street were built in 1916, and across from them, on the terraced lawns which run southwards to the Assiniboine River, stands Manitoba's Parliament Buildings, concerning which a separate epic, rich in purple politics, and bursting out at intervals from the restraints of simple prose into the more frenzied releases of heroic verse, could easily be written.

What the stranger now sees, however, is a perfect architectural confection, steeped in the Greek tradition, and poised above its setting with the buoyant grace of a floating cloud. South beyond the buildings flows the curving Assiniboine, beyond which lies the district of Fort Rouge, thirty years ago a woodland thicket of oaks and elm trees and tangled brush; now containing the finest residential area in the City.

Winnipeg has repetitions of all this in all of its districts; in North Winnipeg, and in Centre Winnipeg — the divisions into which for civic election purposes the city is divided. Shops and schools and churches; all varieties: from the graceful spire of Augustine Church and the beautiful tower and pinnacles of Knox, to the true believers in peculiar creeds who commune in queer little shops and caverns off the beaten track of observation.

All this is the muscular and physical tissue of Winnipeg, but it cannot be dissected into its comparative anatomy here for lack of time and space. Suffice it to say that large areas of Winnipeg, the shacktown survivals, the miles of houses erected by builders who had a



Maryland Bridge, typical of the fine modern bridges which span the Red and Assiniboine Rivers in Winnipeg. Turning to the left, on crossing the bridge toward St. Mary's Academy (right), one enters Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg's most noted residential street, in the suburb of Fort Rouge.

fine ignorant contempt for the essentials of civilized architecture, the mean purlieus where business and home life are huddled together in ugly squalor — all this some day will be sponged out, and rebuilt on lines befitting this enlightened modern age. But these peculiarities exist in every city; we will leave them where they are, with Chinatown, and the Black Belt, and the sixty European races who fill the thoroughfares north of Higgins Avenue — all this kaleidoscope of color and excitement we say no more about, and draw towards an end with some reference to the climate in which Winnipeg has thriven for sixty vigorous years.

Winnipeg's new civic auditorium was built by rotated unemployed men through the winter of 1931, and finished in the fall of 1932. That was a hard winter, but the work went right on. The auditorium was built through the winter; new bridges over the rivers were also built that same winter, and the tremendous Salter Street viaduct above the C. P. R. tracks. Strong work by a strong people, and old man Zero is building a special race of his own in this Western city.

Young men in Winnipeg are increasingly developing the habit of growing six feet tall and over. The city is crowded with athletic enterprises. In polar temperatures young Winnipeg takes a hilarious fall out of the weather with snowshoes and toboggans and skates and skis. We burn a fearful quantity of coal, no doubt, but not even blizzards can keep us home at nights.

And lovely and gentle our summers are. With May, Winnipeg burgeons out in leaf and flowers. Snow and winter vanish between a night and a morning, and the buds have uncurled into foliage, the robins are hunting on the lawns, and the rivers are running past green banks as though snow and ice had never been nearer than the arctic circle. In our multitudes of cottage gardens the season's flowers begin their pageant — tulips and peonies and gorgeous waving hollyhocks and dignified regiments of sapphire-blue delphiniums, and clouds of tobacco-plants sweetening the evening air.

This is the very heart and essence of our Winnipeg geography. Among it



Knox Church, one of the finest church buildings in Winnipeg, is here seen, looking southwest from the northeast corner of Central Park. The view shows also the handsome Waddell fountain. Knox Church, began as the first metropolitan Presbyterian church in Winnipeg. The congregation was organized over sixty years ago.

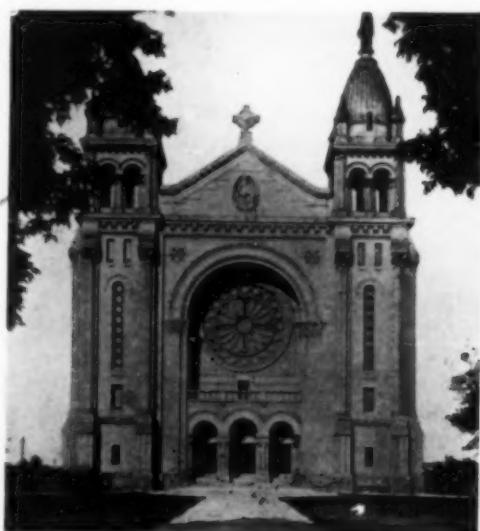
we go forward with our work, and aim at progress. Amid these scenes and temperatures our musicians stage their annual festival; our clergy exhort their people; our policemen round up our undesirables; our teachers communicate knowledge; and our City Council, in the many-turreted City Hall, wrangle their way through our civic business.

Geography has made Winnipeg a Canadian metropolis, and geography plus climate has given her a virile and indomitable population. Impressive on all the statistical counts of commercial expansion, and with men, still holding honored positions in her daily life, who saw the beginnings of the great enterprises which have made her world famous, Winnipeg is, perhaps, over and above all that, a town which in the deepest vein of human sentiment is "home" to tens of thousands of its people whose native land is far enough away.

On warm Sunday afternoons in the summer months we stroll through the

old cemeteries of St. John's, and St. Andrews sleeping on the sunny banks of the Red River as it flows past placidly to Lake Winnipeg; and on the little grave-stones, many of them curious examples of the stonemason's art of sixty and seventy years ago, we can trace out the genealogy of Winnipeg; names of the men and women who built their lives into this strong young city, and whose monument in part it is.

Our part now is to build as well as they did. Better if we can. So we muse in the quiet acre by the river, while the life of Winnipeg roars on,—to a future which will naturally outshine her present status in all the arts by which cities become great. This is the conclusion about Winnipeg that the thoughtful tourist takes away with him after looking the city over. It is the conviction of Winnipeg's citizens who are working through their various civic organizations to translate it into reality as each day follows on after the other under the changing face of the Manitoba sky.



St. Boniface Cathedral, the mother church building of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of St. Boniface. The cathedral stands almost upon the site of the famous original "Roman Mission" with its "turrets twain", immortalized by the poet Whittier from a description supplied him by a traveller who had visited the Red River settlement, now the city of Greater Winnipeg, about 1851.

The Handicraft Renaissance in Quebec

By OSCAR A. BERIAU

IN the early days of Lower Canada, every homestead was a workshop and for much of their time, all members of the household were busy at the old art of weaving. Long hours at the hand-loom and spinning wheel were required to supply the home with blankets, clothing and table linen. At the very beginning, natural wool and unbleached linen were used exclusively for the warp and weft of these fabrics. But as our foremothers had left comfortable houses they were haunted by the desire to furnish the walls and cover the floors of their new homes. Cloth was precious and the looms were too busy making homespun (*étoffe du pays*) and blankets, to permit the making of hangings and carpets. The situation was met by the hooked rug, a triumph of feminine ingenuity which used up odds and ends of material, provided a warm, almost luxurious floor-covering and gave a pleasant spot of color to a bare floor.

These rugs were practical, and at the same time they satisfied a desire for self expression, resultant from the fact that living conditions in Canada had brought about an almost complete abeyance of the arts. Nevertheless in hooked rugs *du*

Canada-Français, we see reflected the elegance of the old French Courts, and they have a finish never attempted by rug makers of other races.

Grandmother must needs also keep her dye-pot boiling as, with the coming of the hooked rug there came the demand for colouring matter. Through inherited knowledge and careful experimentation with the colours contained in berries, roots, barks and leaves, the thrifty housewives of the day contrived to produce those soft mellow shades so characteristic of vegetable dyes.

Later, the homesteads became textile factories and began to work for the trade, especially during the long winter months when the heavy labor on the land was at a standstill. Weaving became a profitable home-industry.

In the middle of the nineteenth century came the Jacquard loom; primarily a hand implement, it had been improved so that the most intricate designs could be woven on it. For many years after the introduction of the Jacquard, the old art of hand weaving persisted, side by side with the new development in textile making.

Then power was harnessed to the Jacquard loom. Fly



A beginner at the spinning wheel. Note the attractive sample of work in the background.



Expert instruction keeps the fireside arts flourishing in Quebec.

Top:—Teachers of the Provincial School of Handicrafts demonstrate the weaving of knotted rugs and tapestries.

Bottom:—A charming child's room executed by pupils of the school.



French Canadian Handicrafts display beauty and individuality.

Top:—An exhibit of Quebec handicrafts at Toronto.

Centre:—An attractive design in a carpet woven from native wool and flax.

Bottom:—A collection of hand-worked rugs, blankets and coverlets.



A group of pupils at one of the special summer courses of the School of Handicrafts.

shuttle appliances were invented and the old hand loom was stored away in the garret or in the hay loft. Double weaving, summer and winter designs, disappeared, and with the coming of aniline dyes the gathering of tinctorial plants was totally neglected. Even the technique of the beautiful *ceinture fléchée* was lost. Rural art in the Province of Quebec became a thing of the past.

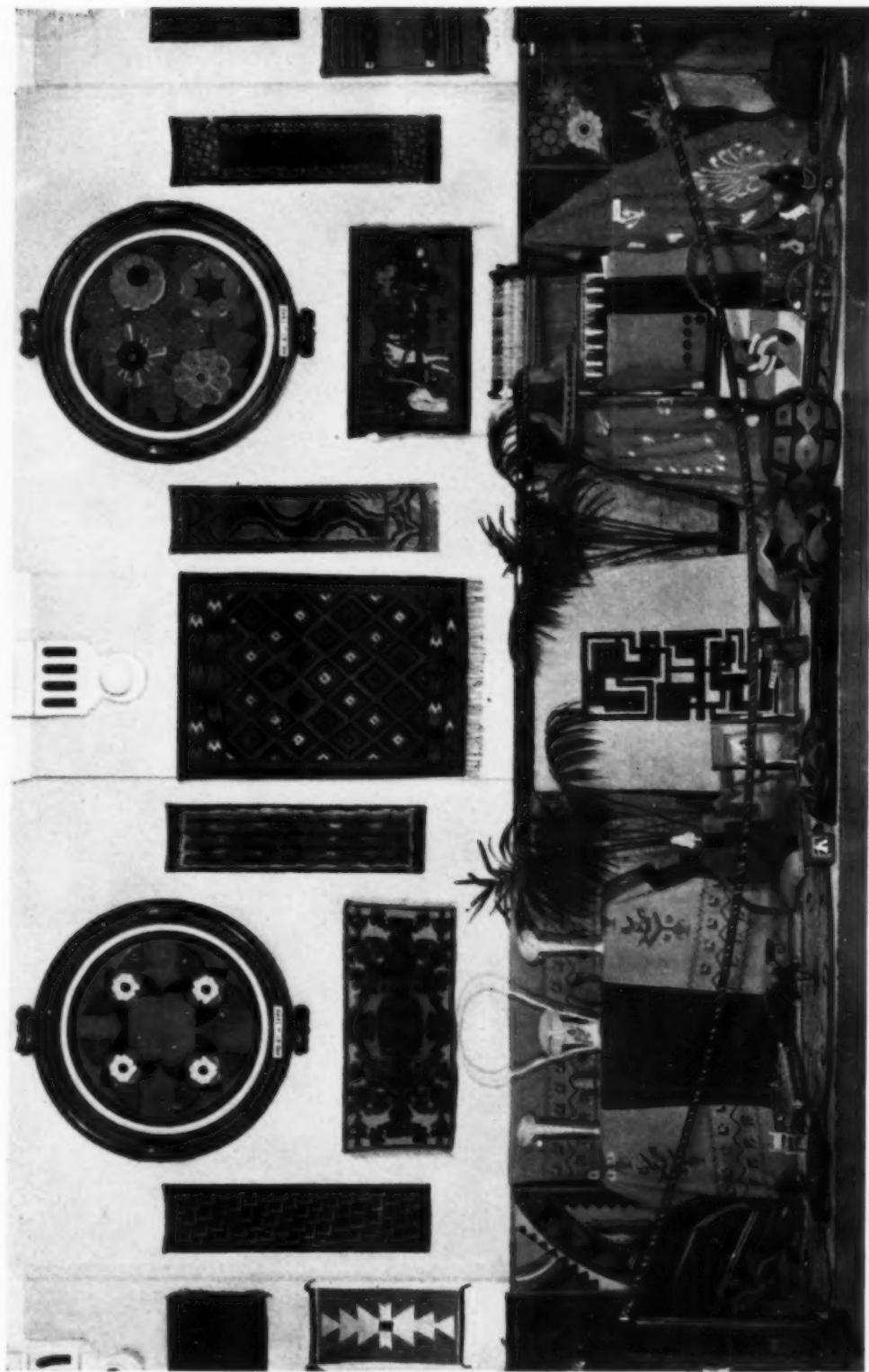
A few older women, it is true, continued to weave rag rugs on their ancient looms but there was hardly any home-weaving of the better sorts.

Fortunately, on the south shore of the lower St. Lawrence and in the county of Charlevoix, around Murray Bay and due to the efforts of Canada Steamship Lines, the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Cercles des Fermières, the Ecoles Ménagères, the old traditions lived on and have persisted to our day. It is chiefly to the women of Charlevoix and, on the south shore, to the women of l'Islet,

Kamouraska and Témiscouata, that modern weavers are indebted for the old patterns that are current among us.

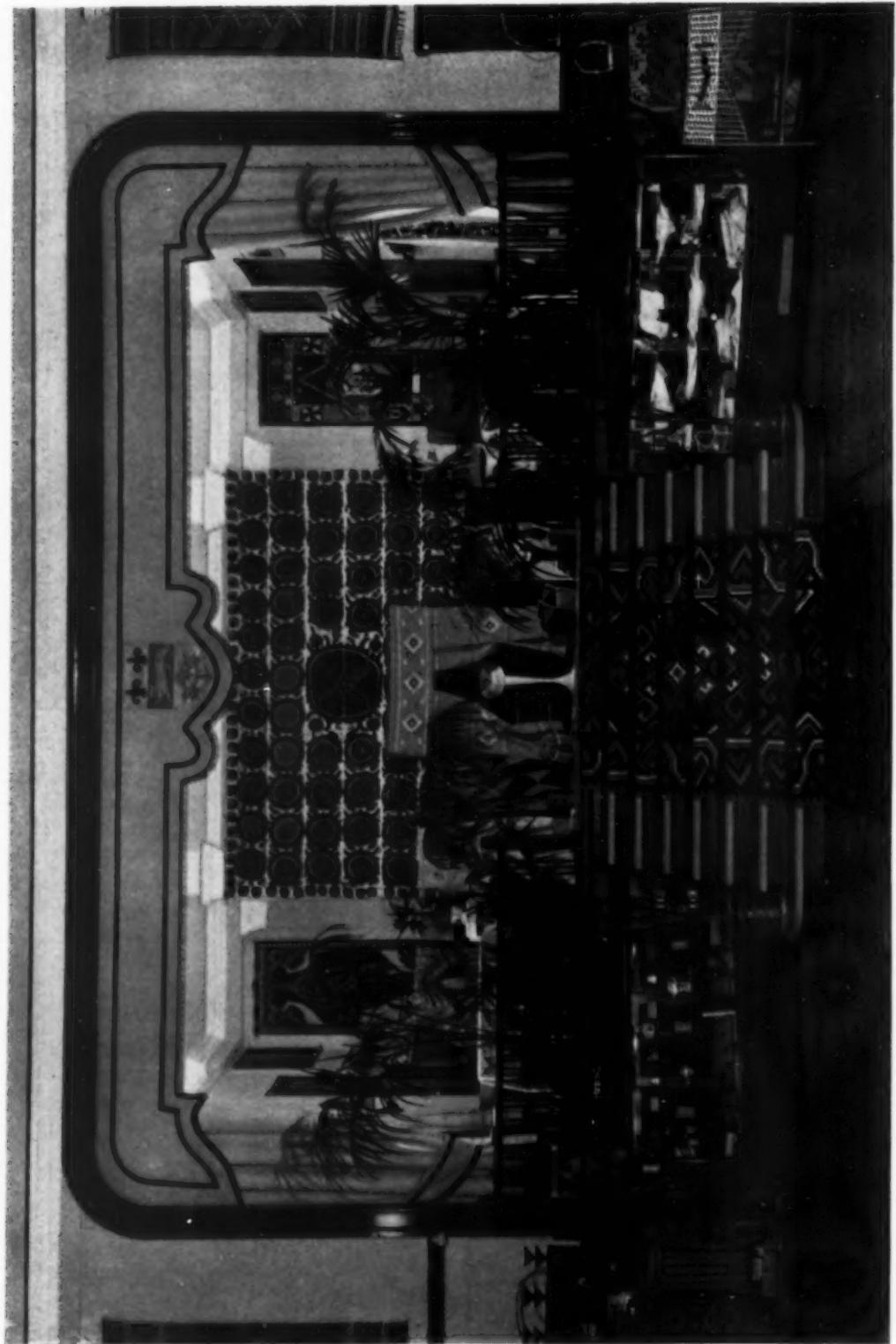
With the opening of motor roads to tourists, the Beaufort coast became a sales territory for Murray Bay blankets, Kamouraska coverlets and more especially for hooked rugs. With the increasing demand, mass production began, but quality tended to decline. Fences all along the road were covered with rag carpets and rugs made from stamped patterns, presenting no characteristic interest.

In 1929 the Provincial Government of Quebec ordered an investigation into the condition of home industries in this province. From this investigation it was found that in almost every part of the province the old technique had been lost and that the looms still in operation were almost unfit for the new conditions of weaving. Lack of artistic taste was noticeable, but it was evident that the Quebec women had inherited the ability of their ancestors and that



A beautiful collection of pile carpets, applique rugs, tapestries, blankets, coverlets and batik leather toys, etc.

UNIV.
OF
MICHIGAN



First exhibition of the Quebec School of Handicrafts. April, 1930.

THE HANDICRAFT RENAISSANCE IN QUEBEC

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The charm of the products of the School of Handicrafts is seen to advantage in this exhibit of furniture, rugs and wall hangings.

they had an eager desire to learn everything pertaining to these neglected crafts. The facilities for the necessary training were, however, completely lacking.

The Department of Agriculture then decided to create an organization for the revival of handicrafts and rural industries in the Province of Quebec. The first step in that direction was the study of conditions existing in the United States and in Europe with regard to handicrafts in general and in weaving and spinning more particularly. A very complete collection of specimens of rural art was obtained from the various countries of the world. This collection now comprises more than 2500 pieces.

These articles were exhibited at the opening of the first Provincial Exhibition of domestic and foreign handicrafts on the 4th. of April, 1930. This was the initial step towards the renaissance of peasant craft in French-Canada. On the same day in the Legislative Assembly, the late Minister of Agriculture, the

Honourable J. L. Perron, made an *exposé* of the programme prepared by this organization.

The foundation of a Provincial School of Handicrafts was authorized by Parliament and on the 10th. of July, 1930, three months later, the institute was officially opened with fifty-nine pupils, the majority of whom were teachers from the various schools called *Les Ecoles Ménagères Régionales*. The initial staff was composed of a few teachers from the very best educational centres of Europe and America and with two or three of our old Canadian weavers formed the nucleus of our educational body. During that year three hundred and fifty seven pupils attended the classes and six Canadian young ladies qualified as teachers. Since then six more have received training, bringing the actual staff to twelve in the Department.

A studio under the direction of two graduates of the School of Fine Arts has also been opened to help the students



The Hon. J. A. Godbout, Minister of Agriculture, whose encouragement has greatly aided the renaissance of handicrafts.

in preparing their drawings. Vegetable dyestuffs have received special attention and regular courses are given to the pupils on the colouring of textiles with natural components. A manual on this subject has been published containing hundreds of recipes for the scouring, bleaching and dyeing of wool and flax and also a simple outline of the theory of colours. A laboratory for bleaching and testing fibres and other material is completely equipped for the instruction of the pupils.

The old loom has not been discarded; it has been remodelled to meet the improved requirements of modern weaving. To those who do not actually own a loom, the school supplies complete plans and specifications for building, on the farm, an up-to-date loom with Canadian lumber.

The technique of the old *ceinture fléchée*, the well-known French-Canadian

sash, thanks to the contribution of Madame Lord, has been carefully analysed and noted and the school staff is now familiar with this technique and it is a regular subject of the school curriculum. Home tanning is also receiving the attention of the school and experiments have been made with good results. Next year, leather tanning will also be taught in the school. Local exhibitions serve to promote interest in every section of the province and instructors work both in the school and in the field demonstrating to farmerettes of all parishes.

The registration which numbered two thousand during the first year, will this year exceed twenty one thousand.

The pupils are warned against the copying of foreign designs; these being exhibited solely as examples of technique and workmanship. It is impressed upon the workers that rural arts must be truly



Mr. Oscar A. Bériau, Director-General of Handicrafts for the Province of Quebec.



An old design which has won new favour, the "bee" coverlet.

Canadian in execution, material and expression; that they must be made to harmonize the architecture of our typical habitant homes; that they are the means of an artistic development and that this creative work of duty and comfort is a rest from the monotonous duties of the farm and a pleasant occupation during the long winter months.

In concluding, may I express our appreciation for the continuous encouragement given by the present Minister of Agriculture, the Honourable J. A. Godbout. By appropriating a generous budget to the school and by his personal advice and co-operation he has contributed to the success of the "Fireside Industry" movement in French-Canada.



NORTHERN CALENDAR

By CHARLES CLAY

¶ I love the North!

¶ In April, when the sun swings across the heavens in a rising arc, and the shadows of each noon are shorter than the noon before, the age-old hint of renewal broods over the whole land, and I can sense the restless turning and hear the subdued murmuring of all life that has slept the long winter through, awaiting the glad resurrection.

¶ The soft spring days of May melt the snow into rivulets that trickle and struggle their way into a swelling torrent on its journey to a nearby lake; and I rejoice to hear the honking geese fly in serried ranks high overhead, returning to their haunts in the eternal vastness of the Barren Lands, in reaffirmation of their abiding faith in Nature.

¶ And then in June, with every lake and river bounding free, there comes the primal urge of motion, the call of the trail, the lure of distance, and no music is as sweet as the roll of the paddle along the gunwale, and the gurgling laugh of the water at the prow of the canoe; and my songs of joy in life awaken the echoes that have slept for ages on the marge of silent streams.

¶ But in languorous July I am content to lie in camp and watch the moonlight as it dances with the playful waters of some island-dotted lake; or listen to the soft, clamorous hum of insect wings, sounding like frenzied prisoners cutting steel bars with silver saws.

¶ The bounty of August tells the flight of summer, when the forest glades are coloured by the burdened bushes heavy with wild fruits, and the flowers' brown seed pods dangle in the fitful breezes, and the squirrels chatter noisily as they scamper on the forest floor gathering cones for their winter store.

¶ In September, I listen, on clear mornings, for the loon's mocking laugh as it peals across the placid lake; and as I stand in my cabin door I let my eyes search the far shore, where the distant hills and ridges are bathed in a purple haze; and I ponder on the beauty of the island reflections, and how the glassy surface of the lake forges the colors of the hundred-hued leaves of the trees that drowse along its edge; and the mellowness of the whole brooding countryside permeates my being.

¶ In October, when the autumnal leaves blanket the ridges, I tramp the woods, and surprise the deer as they flag their way among the trees' stark skeletons, seeking the cloistered muskegs, where drooping evergreens make a sheltered bower, for they scent the coming on of rough-voiced Winter.

¶ And in November there is a challenge in the frosty air, and with impatience I watch the ice-scum form thinly on the shore line of lake and river, but the darting fingers reach farther and farther to meet in iron grip; and once more the trail calls, and the dogs whine, and the stinging weather whips with glee the hardy tripper.

¶ The days grow short, until December's coppery sun casts long black shadow-fingers on the virgin snow in the still woods, and the sappy trees, burst by the penetrating cold, crack like pistol shots; but all is good cheer within my cabin's sturdy walls, where the ruddy glow from the rude fireplace's crackling logs casts weird phantom-shapes on the rough-hewn furniture.

¶ And in January the keen frost-wind seizes the smoke from the crazy chimney and rips it into a thousand shreds, leaving the chill blue sky unstained; but I laugh at the boisterous air and cruel cold as I drive my dogs along the forest trails, and the jingle of their bells is music in my ears, while the whine of the carriage runners and the padding of many feet fills me with an indescribable exhilaration.

¶ In February, an awe grips my soul when I hear the long-drawn cry of the hungry wolf-pack as it sweeps through a forest glen in full cry on the trail of a caribou herd; and at night, when all is still, and the pat-pat of a scurrying cottontail whispers through a spruce grove as he makes his way over a trail-beaten by the soft furry feet of hundred of his brothers, I am filled with a strange wonder at the inexplicableness of the Great Manitou's ways.

¶ And more of this feeling of mystery is pressed on me when, on moon-drenched March nights, I hear the snow-laden evergreen branches drop soft white velvet fluff through the breathless sharp air; and, when I look up at the Spirit Dancers, as they swish across the starry sky, they seem to feel my sense of subtle communion with all Life, for the fringes of their robes of green and purple and orange and silver and gold brush my upturned face in a friendly, restful benediction.

¶ Oh, I love the North!

END.

THE SMOKE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

LAMBETH BRIDGE
LONDON, ENGLAND

The new Lambeth Bridge over the Thames in London, formally opened by His Majesty, the King, on July 19, 1932, stands as another monument to Britain's architectural and engineering genius. In this picture the bridge is seen with the historic buildings of the Mother of Parliaments in the immediate background.



Pocket tin of Fifty—55 cents

Cork tip or plain

PEOPLE OF CRITICAL DISCERNMENT... people who by nature are fastidious in their choosing... instinctively select W. D. & H. O. Wills' Gold Flake cigarettes.

They find in these choice Virginia cigarettes—well and firmly made—a rare excellence which only English tradition inspires; a fragrant, mellow

goodness which they rightly insist upon and consistently find in Gold Flakes.

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W. D. & H. O. WILLS'

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

a shilling in London — a quarter here

If you prefer cork tips you can now get them in the 50s tin

Editor's Note Book

Our Contributors

Mr. J. Dewey Soper, who contributed an article to the July, 1930, number of the *Journal*, and who again appears in the current number, has spent many seasons in the Arctic exploring and carrying out special investigations for the Canadian Government.

Dr. Theophile James Meek, who gives us an interesting sidelight on his Mesopotamian travels, is Professor of Oriental Languages in the Department of Semitics of the University of Toronto.

Mr. H. H. Pittman, who discusses the grasshoppers and locusts, is a resident of Wauchope, Saskatchewan. His illustrations are evidence of his skill as a photographer of nature and he has made a very fine collection of photographs of wild life in general of the prairies.

Mr. Thomas B. Roberton writes of Winnipeg from the point of view of a veteran journalist, who has made his home there for many years, but is able to see it with a comparatively detached mind. Mr. Roberton is one of the Editors of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and the author, among other matters, of a life of Bishop Strachan that aroused a good deal of controversy.

Mr. Oscar A. Beriau, as Director-General of Handicrafts for the Province of Quebec, is largely responsible for the successful revival of the peasant arts which were so characteristic of old French Canada, and no one is better qualified to tell how this success has been achieved.

Oil in the North

Ever since Alexander Mackenzie first explored the great river that bears his name it has been known that there was oil under the surface of its banks, and within the last few years wells have been sunk at various points to test the flow. The petroleum, however, was so remote from any possible markets that it was generally regarded merely

as a reserve that might come into its own a long time hence. It is never safe to predict what will or will not happen in remote corners of this country. The discovery of pitchblende and other minerals on the shores of Great Bear Lake created an immediate demand for gasolene and fuel oil. The Norman well was situated on the banks of the Mackenzie, at the mouth of Great Bear River, which empties out of Great Bear Lake. The result is that a short time ago the company that operates the well sent the Canadian Government a cheque for the first royalties on oil in the far north — a thousand miles north of Edmonton!

Elk in Ontario

Last year 25 elk were sent from Buffalo National Park, Alberta, to the Petewawa Crown Game Reserve near Pembroke, Ontario, as an experiment. The experiment has proved so conspicuous a success that, at the request of the Fish and Game Department of Ontario, 50 elk have been shipped to the Burwash Industrial Farm, twenty miles east of Sudbury, Ontario. These, it is believed, will form nuclei from which in time the entire northern part of the province will be restocked with this splendid game animal.

Reindeer in Lapland

A propos of Canada's experiment with reindeer in the far north, the following description of a herd trekking up into the hills in Lapland is worth quoting — from Mrs. Chapman's "Across Lapland":

"The sun was setting, and as we drove away from the lonely little settlement I saw a wonderful, and unforgettable sight. Over the river and far away on the mountain-side, I could faintly distinguish a vast moving mass. As it came nearer I saw it was a great reindeer herd, the biggest I had yet seen, consisting of at least a thousand

animals. They belonged to the Lapps who were leaving Narva that night, and they were being rounded up and sent off in advance on the long trek up into the hills, where they were to spend the summer. I could hear the Lapps in charge calling to their dogs, who raced from side to side cleverly getting the reindeer into line. The latter ran madly round the hill-side in huge circles, until at last the dogs succeeded in getting them into formation; and, accompanied by the music of tinkling bells, the great herd moved slowly up the mountain."

Skiing an Ancient Sport

Mrs. Chapman also has something to say about skiing. She taught herself the art, and at first afforded much amusement to the Lapp children until she learned to take the steep slopes without tumbling. Incidentally she quotes a significant statement from the twelfth-century Danish chronicler Saxo Grammaticus: "They are" he says "the farthest people towards the North (he is speaking of the Lapps), living in a clime almost uninhabitable, good archers and hunters, wanderers, and of an uncertain habitation, wheresoever they kill a beast making that their mansion, and they slide upon the snow in broad wooden shoes." It would appear from this that the popular Canadian sport dates at least back to the twelfth century, and originated with the Lapps.

Romance in Tariffs

There drifted into the Editor's office a day or two ago a copy of the Official Gazette of the Federated Malay States containing the latest revision of the Customs tariff. Nothing would seem at first blush to be more hopelessly dry and uninteresting than tables of export duties. However, what do you think of these items? — Sharks' fins; Sea slugs (*bêche-de-mer*); Formosa camphor; Tiger-skins; Leopard-skins; Buffalo horns; Mother-of-pearl; Gold dust; Lizard-skins, four feet and over; Salted Terubak; Nipah ataps other than Bertindeh. Do they not bring with them pungent suggestions of Malaya and the isles of the South Seas? How



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would you like to eat a dried fish called Ikan gelama panjang; or invest in a cargo of salted Tebal pipi? And how much more impressive it sounds to learn, from another copy of the Gazette, that His Highness al-Sultan Abu Bakar Ri'ayatu'd-din al-Mu'adzdjam Shah ibni al-Marhum al-Mu'tasim Bi'llah al-Sultan Abdu'llah, Sultan of Pahang, has been made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, than to be told that the same honour has been conferred upon one Arthur Frederick Richards!

Magnetic Research

A propos of the fact that since 1907 the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa has been carrying on a scientific magnetic survey of the country, it is pointed out in a bulletin of the Department of the Interior that geographically Canada holds a strategic position for the study of terrestrial magnetism. The magnetic north pole is on her Arctic coast and the curve of maximum auroral frequency extends across her northern territories. There occur in Northern Canada every known variety of magnetic and electric disturbance both internal and external. The northern part of the Dominion, particularly that part adjacent to Hudson Bay, offers a fertile field for the theoretical and practical investigation of terrestrial magnetism and its allied subjects. It may well be that the survey now being carried on by the Dominion Observatory will hasten the solution of problems relating to the earth's magnetism and especially those arising from magnetic conditions in Canada.

Contemporary Articles

Two informative articles in recent numbers of *United Empire* are "The Colony of Mauritius" by Sir Wilfrid Jackson, given as an address before a meeting of the British Empire Society; and "The Falkland Islands" by E. R. Yarkam, F.R.G.S. The former will be found in the December, 1932, number, and the latter in February, 1933.

Archibald MacMechan

The sudden death of Archibald MacMechan, at his home in Halifax, on August 7th, removes one who was not only a great teacher, a tireless student, and a writer of rare authority and charm, but who took the keenest possible interest in the purposes of the Canadian Geographical Society. He had been a Fellow of the Society almost since its organization, and contributed a very informing and readable article on Halifax to the September, 1931, number of the *Journal*. The Editor had just read a letter from Dr. MacMechan, written a few days before, when he received the shocking news of the death of his friend. Part of this letter seems to him to throw so much light upon the personality of a Canadian scholar, some of whose achievement only is found in books and articles, that he ventures to publish it here, as a last, unconscious message from Archibald MacMechan:

"I am trying to write a brief, popular history of Nova Scotia, which I find far more laborious than I fancied. I thought I knew it all; but find that I usually have to read a whole book in order to write one sentence. I am living far more in the 17th century than the 19th, and I am finding the Champlain Society's volumes a mine of interest. In particular, I have formed an idea of Champlain which I do not find expressed anywhere, and which I should like to work out. His career is paradoxical; but we have enough reliable data to form a solid basis for a new interpretation. Take his formative period, what he tells us in the *Bref Discours*. He was bred to the sea. Think of the implications. He serves under Henri IV for ten years, in one of the bloodiest of wars. Then, he is fit to go to sea again, in command of an important ship in a transatlantic voyage, which was almost like going to one of the Poles to-day. He brings back a written and graphic record of his travels, and he proves himself to be a better cartographer in the beginning of the 17th century than trained French map-makers of France a century and a half later."



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Travel - Adventure - Recreation**Memphremagog**

Any one who has the curiosity to run his eye along the international boundary between Canada and the United States will notice that it crosses several lakes and rivers, among others the lovely lake that bears the intriguing name Memphremagog, and that the Indians called Memphlebowque, meaning 'beautiful waters'—though how even an Indian could get his tongue around Memphlebowque it is hard to conceive. The lake lies partly in Quebec and partly in Vermont, and was once on one of the old routes between New France and New England. The boundary also crosses the northern end of Lake Champlain, and in Western Canada, it crosses Red River, the Souris, which is a branch of the Assiniboine, the St. Mary, a branch of the Saskatchewan, and, west of the Rockies, the Kootenay and Columbia. Also it runs across Waterton Lake, in the Rocky Mountain park of that name.

Abitibi

Interest has been centred in the Abitibi River lately because of the large hydro-electric development in the Abitibi Canyon, the bankruptcy of the company that built the plant, and its acquisition by the Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario. The Abitibi River discharges the waters of the lake of the same name into Moose River, after a course of 340 miles, and Moose River empties into James Bay at Moosonee, the terminal of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The name Abitibi is from an Indian word meaning 'half-way water', and is said to have been applied by the French to a band of Algonquian Indians in the neighbourhood of the lake, which lay half-way between the trading posts on James Bay and those on the Ottawa River. This was one of the old canoe routes of the fur-traders between Montreal and Hudson Bay.

Dickens in Quebec

Charles Dickens lunched in the citadel at Quebec in 1842. Here is what he had to say of the view: "The exquisite expanse of country, rich in field and forest, mountain-heights and water, which lies stretched out before the view, with miles of Canadian villages, glancing in long white streaks, like veins along the landscape; the motley crowd of gables, roofs and chimney-tops in the old hilly town immediately at hand; the beautiful St Lawrence sparkling and flashing in the sunlight; and the tiny ships below the rock from which you gaze, whose distant rigging looks like spider's webs against the light, while casks and barrels on their decks dwindle into toys, and busy mariners become so many puppets; all this framed by a sunken window in the fortress and looked at from the shadowed room within, forms one of the brightest and most enchanting pictures that the eye can rest upon".

First Farmer west of the Great Lakes

Two hundred years ago the western explorer La Vérendrye notes in his journal at Fort St Charles, on the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods: "I made over to the Indians the field of Indian corn which I had sowed in the spring and which was not entirely ripe. Our hired men also got what they could out of it. The savages thanked me greatly for the relief I had thus afforded them. The sowing of a bushel of peas after we had been eating them green for a long time gave us ten bushels, which I had sown the following spring with some Indian corn. By dint of solicitations I induced two Indian families to sow corn, and I hope that the comfort they derived from it will lead others to follow their example." This is interesting not only as the earliest recorded attempt at farming west of Lake Superior, but also as the first effort in educating the Indians.

Fredericton

Speaking of Canadian capitals, one of the most attractive of the Provincial headquarters is Fredericton, on the St John River. Like that other Maritime capital Charlottetown, it is a sleepy little town, but very well worth visiting. It contains the rather unpretentious provincial buildings, the University of New Brunswick which has had for many years an enviable reputation for scholarship, and one of the very few beautiful cathedrals in the Dominion. But it is after all the atmosphere of the place that attracts one most, something that combines not inharmoniously the spirits of the Old World and the New. And one remembers that Fredericton was the boyhood home of those talented cousins Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts; that Juliana Horatio Ewing wrote here some of her exquisite children's stories, and that a close friend of herself and her talented husband was the saintly Bishop Medley; that Sir George Foster and many other eminent New Brunswickers got a sound training for professional or public life in the old college on the banks of the historic river of the Loyalists.

Beauharnois of the Past

Beauharnois of to-day is so very modern, with its huge power works and canal and the transmission lines carrying electricity to Montreal and Toronto, that one forgets this southermost corner of Quebec has a history that goes back well into the French régime. Indeed any one who wanders about the picturesque countryside can have no doubt of this, many of the substantial stone farm buildings carrying the unmistakable mark of ancient masonry. Beauharnois was named after the gallant Marquis, Charles de Beauharnois, who was Governor of New France from 1727, to 1747, and befriended the explorer La Vérendrye. The Beauharnois Canal was built by the Royal Engineers, in the latter part of the eighteenth century; and at an even earlier date a small canal was constructed to provide power for local mills. The rights in this ancient canal were among the many complications that had to be straightened out by the Beauharnois Power Company. And, among other historical associations, one must not forget that Beauharnois is only a few miles from the battlefield of Chateauguay.

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More about La Vérendrye

A propos of the article in the April number of the *Journal* it may be interesting to note that the only contemporary reference to the explorer is found in the *Travels into North America* of the Swedish naturalist Peter Kalm. Kalm was in Quebec in 1749, and evidently met La Vérendrye shortly before the latter's death. He gives an account of La Vérendrye's western explorations, evidently obtained at first hand, although in one or two cases his recollection of the conversation was evidently at fault. For instance, he says that "they set out on horseback from Montreal, and went as much due west as they could." It would have been a formidable undertaking to have travelled from Montreal to the Rocky Mountains on horseback in 1749! Kalm mentions that some where in the west La Vérendrye found a stone pillar to which was attached a smaller stone covered on both sides in unknown characters. "This stone, which was about a foot of French measure in length, and between four or five inches broad, they broke loose, and carried to Canada with them, from whence it was sent to France, to the secretary of state, the count of Maurepas. What became of it afterwards is unknown to them. Several of the Jesuits who have seen and handled this stone in Canada, unanimously affirm that the letters on it are the same with those which in the books containing accounts of Tataria are called Tatarian characters." No reference is found to this inscribed stone in any of La Vérendrye's journals or letters, nor is anything known of it in the archives in Paris.

Banff National Park

The Topographical Surveys of Canada have published a new map of Banff Park, covering its entire area of 2585 square miles. It extends from Mount Assiniboine, the highest peak in the park, near its southern extremity, to The Snow Dome at the northern end, in the centre of an ice-field from which glaciers feed rivers flowing into the Pacific, the Arctic and the Atlantic. The park is 130 miles long from its most southerly to its most northerly point, and embraces some of the finest scenery in the Rockies.

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Amongst the New Books

The Indian Ocean. By Stanley Rogers. London: George G. Harrap & Company. 1932. 7/6.

Mr. Rogers, who has already given us very attractive books, packed with information, on the Atlantic and the Pacific, has now done the same good service to that romantic ocean that lies between Asia and the Antarctic, Africa and Australia. He tells us something of the ocean itself and its widely scattered islands; of the early adventurers, Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque, and Almeida; of the Dutch and their empire in the east; of the East India Company; of the development of the Indiaman in the golden age of sail, the clipper ships that raced with cargoes of tea across the Indian Ocean and around the Cape to England; of the sea-rovers, Avery, England, Kidd and Lafitte, and their famous rendezvous on the coast of Madagascar; of the monsoon and the typhoon and what they meant to ships in the Indian Ocean; of the exploits of the "Emden," the "Wolf" and the "Konigsberg" during the Great War; of famous shipwrecks and perilous boat journeys; and all these things he makes more understandable with his own illustrations in colour and black-and-white.

* * *

The History of Piracy. By Philip Gosse. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. \$3.50.

Dr. Gosse is said to have one of the finest collections of Pirate literature in the world. One imagines he must be very popular among the boys of his neighbourhood. In this history he tells the story of piracy from the days of the Barbary Corsairs down to Captain Kidd and Jean Lafitte, including by the way the Elizabethan Corsairs and the Jacobean Pirates. We learn much about the Pirates of the African coast and of Malabar, of Japan and China and the Malay Archipelago. Also we are remind-

ed that Pirates were not always men, as witness Anne Bonny of Cork and Carolina, husband of Calico Jack, and Mary Read, who fought as a soldier in Flanders, and later signed articles with Raekam the Pirate. Both the latter were hanged in Jamaica. The book is enlivened with numerous illustrations and several maps.

* * *

Sardinian Sideshow. By Amelie Posse-Brazdova. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 1932.

The story, admirably told, of war years spent interned on Sardinia. The author, a Swedish lady, married a Czech painter, went with him to Rome, and when the Italian authorities interned him in the little seaport town of Alghero, she insisted on sharing his exile. She gives an extraordinarily vivid account of life on the island, its humour and its tragedy, its dirt and its romance, its picturesque ruins and most insanitary ways. The book, translated from the Swedish, has a number of attractive illustrations.

* * *

Fall of the Inca Empire. By Philip Ainsworth Means. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. \$4.50.

A sequel to the author's "Ancient Civilizations of the Andes". Mr. Means tells the story of the decline and fall of the Empire of the Incas, and the establishment of Spanish rule in Peru under the great Viceroy Don Francisco de Toledo. It embraces, of course, much more than what is to-day known as Peru, that country in the sixteenth century embracing also what is now Ecuador and Bolivia, as well as parts of Columbia, Argentina and Chile. While primarily history, the book is both interesting and valuable from a geographical point of view, in its admirable descriptions of this Andean area and its people a couple of centuries ago.

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England, the Unknown Isle. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris. London: Duckworth. 1932. 8/6.

To interpret the people of England to the people of Europe, is the task to which the author brings a wealth of talent. Born in Austria, he lived in Germany and England, and was interned in England during the war. Beyond a few references to the physical characteristics of Scotland and to the mysticism and astuteness of its people, a page or two to the music-loving Welsh, and to the Irish as the most genuine Celts of all, England is treated in its narrowest sense and as bounded by the River Tweed and the Cheviot Hills. On this England, however, he lavishes a keenness of knowledge that lays bare in the kindest of fashions the social structure, the polities, the art and literature, the theatre, the town and country, the schools, the sports and the press of an Island which he says should be considered as a continent. Perhaps the most interesting side of the picture lies in the broad strokes with which society, in its broadest as well as in its narrowest sense, is treated. The chapter in conclusion on the British Empire is perhaps the most significant, and the final paragraphs the most challenging of the whole book.

* * *

From Jungle to Jutland. By Major Claude Wallace. London: Nisbet & Co. 1932. 16/-.

"There is as great a thrill in coming upon an unknown cataract, capable of supplying power to serve a transcontinental railroad, as there is in putting a bullet into a charging lion that has first had to be provoked to attack." Thus Major Wallace justifies his story of the adventures of a surveyor in West Africa to a world that had grown accustomed to associating Africa with big game hunters. But all surveyors have not his imagination and infectious enthusiasm, nor his ready pen. One learns a good deal about the hinterland of that fantastic black republic Liberia, and of its varied and very human inhabitants. Incidentally we are given some fine individual impressions of

the Battle of Jutland, as an interlude to the story of West Africa, Major Wallace having been called north on the outbreak of war.

* * *

Argentine Tango. By Philip Guedalla. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 1933. \$2.50.

A series of travel sketches—one might rather perhaps say, impressions—by an English writer whose brilliant style adds very materially to the pleasure with which one listens to his views on the men and women of Buenos Aires, their manners and customs, their relations with people of other races and particularly the English. One gets a vivid idea of the contrast between the great city that is not only the capital of the Argentine but in a sense the metropolis of South America, and the limitless horizons of the pampas. Mr. Guedalla reminds his European readers that, while people talk glibly of America, there is as much difference between North and South America as between Europe and Asia, not only geographically but in the temperament and point of view of their inhabitants.

* * *

Through the Kara Sea. By Leonard Matters. London: Skeffington & Son. 18/-.

Its a far cry from Buenos Aires to the Kara Sea, on the Arctic coast of Siberia. Mr. Matters, a British journalist and Member of Parliament, went there in 1931 on a tramp steamer, and gives an extraordinarily interesting account of the route that has been opened up, by way of what was once called the North East Passage, from Europe to the mouth of the Yenisei. Some distance up that mighty river, and just inside the Arctic Circle, the Soviet Government has laid the foundation of a shipping port, from which they are already shipping quantities of Siberian lumber to Europe. The author has much to say about the organization and business capacity of the present rulers of Russia, and makes no secret of his conviction that they are here to stay, and that the overwhelming mass of the younger generation of Russians is enthusiastically behind them.